

THE TRAVELS

OF AN

English Gentleman

FROM

London to Rome,
On FOOT.

CONTAINING

A Conical Description of what he met with Remarkable in every City, Town, and Religious House in his whole Journey.

ALSO

An Account of their Rediculous Religious Processions and Ceremonies, in their Churches, thro' their Streets, and in the Woods.

LIKEWISE

The Debauch'd Lives, and Amorous Intrigues of the Lustful Priests, and Leacherous Nuns.

WITH

A Pleasant Account of the Opening the Holy Gate of St. Peter's Church; also Reflections upon the Superstition and Popish Pageantry of the whole Ceremony of the last Grand Jubilee at ROME.

The Fourth Edition,

*Now Published for the Diversion and Information
of the Protestants of England.*

*London, Printed for A. Bettesworth, at the Red-
Lion in Pater-Noster-Row, 1718.*

K. F., A.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
LONDON
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THE PREFACE.



*W*HEN, in order to satisfy my Curiosity, I began the following Journey to Rome. I kept an exact Diary of all the Conical, as well as Serious Occurrences, that I met with in my Passage thither; but being return'd to England, was perswaded to believe, that a just Description of the Towns, Churches, and Religious Houses, with an Account of the Customs and Manners of the Romish Ecclesiasticks and Lay People of the different Countries I have Travel'd thro', Digested after a Grave Manner, Abstracted from all the Merry Adventures and Jocular Passages, with which my Journal was before larded, would carry a better Authority, and be much more acceptable to my Protestant Country-

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men, than if I should publish it interwoven with such unedifying Entertainments; upon which I expung'd several Diverting Stories, and Pleasant Intrigues, relating to the Friests, Nuns, and Miracles, because of their Levity, which, since, by many of my Friends and Acquaintance, I have been much blam'd for; and, not without some Strugglings with my self, am at last prevail'd upon to Publish it a New, in its primitive Loose Habit, as I had originally Designed it, being told, That Books of this Nature, like Beautiful Women, always take best in the Loosest Dress, and oblige most when they are most Airy.

Books indeed only to Inform, need nothing but the Truth in a plain Dress, to recommend them to such Readers who Aim only at Instruction, whose Number are scarce large enough to answer the Ends of the Booksellers. But a Book design'd to Delight the Chearful Companion, who grows Fat with Laughing, and by his daily Mirth preserves his Body from Distempers, as well as to Edifie the moping Student, who, by his over-diligent Search after Wisdom, has almost made a Fool of himself, must have the Truth it contains delivered after so Entertaining a Manner, that it will make a Wiseman the Merrier, and a Fool the Wiser, or else (tho' it

it might prove the worse for the World) it would have been the better for the Bookseller, it had never been Printed.

Biting Satyr, merry Stories, and strange News, tho' all false, need never, in this World, fear the want of a kind Reception; for as long as there are ill-Natur'd People, good Humour'd People, and Fools Abroad, whoever Fishes with either of the three former Baits, may be assur'd of such good Sport, as to catch more Nibblers in one Day, than an expert Angler can Gudgeons in the New-River in a Fortnight.

The Ingenious and the Good Humour'd are the Persons I shall always endeavour to Oblige, tho', perhaps, they may be the smaller Number, yet, I must confess, I am much more desirous of their Approbation; and have, at all Times, esteem'd it more Reputable than the Flattery of Fools, who are most commonly best Pleas'd at what they least Understand, or the Applause of an Ill-Natur'd Partizan, who never Approves of any thing so well, as that which gratifies his Malice.

Whatever I have added in this last Impression, I question not, but the Reader will allow to be an Improvement of the Book, which before was

very Perfect, tho' Concise in all its Descriptions, so that if it wanted any thing, it was those Comical Passages that I had before Abridg'd it of, which are now Inserted in their proper Places, hoping, as it is rendr'd the more Delightful, it will accordingly prove the more Acceptable, that, as the Trouble has been the Authors, the Satisfaction may be the Readers. Which is the Desire of

Your

Humble Servant,

A. F.



THE
TRAVELS
OF AN
English Gentleman, &c.



IN my Junior Years my Head-
strong Appetite being too
unruly to be Check'd, or
Govern'd by the Reins of
Discretion, or to submit to
those Rules, without the Ob-
servance of which it is im-
possible to be happy in this World; till at last, in
a hot pursuit of *Vicious Pleasures*, having con-
sumed my Patrimony, and finding my Credit
Daily to dwindle into more irreputable Circum-
stances; what with the thoughts of Penury, and
that which is worse, the Scornful Pity of my
Friends and Flatterers, who suck'd me as dry as
a leaky Pump, and then, like Leaves in *Autumn*,
were all dropping from me.

One Day, being struck with a deep sense of my
Condition, after a serious and melancholy Reflec-
tion on my present Sufferings, the severe effects

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of my past Pollies, not knowing where to shelter my distress'd Carcase at Home, I resolv'd to try my Fortune Abroad; and remembering the vulgar Proverb, *That a tight Heart, and a thin pair of Breeches, go thro' the World*, I endeavour'd at the First; being sure of the Latter, and thereupon trudg'd for *Dover*, carrying all my Wealth in my Head, having but one Noble in my Pocket, with a Resolution to turn *Pilgrim*, and depend upon *Providence*.

I had not reach'd *Canterbury* before I had reduc'd my Noble to less than Nine-pence; when, by good Luck, I over-took a *French Refugee* on the Road, and Saluting him in *English*, he pull'd off his Hat with a *Me no Understand-a*; upon which I threw out some small smatterings of *French*, and we became soon intimate. I told him of my Misfortunes, and Design of going to *Rome*, to see whether the Bloody-minded *Papists* would encourage a little Merit, under much Poverty, more than the true *Protestants*: Adding, That I found both, in *England*, as much out of Favour as *Honesty*. He was mighty inquisitive about my Religion; I answered, *That 'twas to love my Neighbour as my self, and God above all, which I believ'd would carry me to Heaven*, He was then cautious of his Discourse, till I convinc'd him of my being of the Church of *England*, by a particular Testimonial. Then he related

lated to me his Escape from *France*, a Month before, by reason of the Persecution raging there: after having his Effects all Seiz'd at *Callis*, where he liv'd; and fear'd his Children were shut up in a Cloister. I Sympathiz'd with the good Man's Sorrow; and taking out of my Pocket a little *French Book*, we diverted our selves most of the way by Reading, which so well pleas'd him, that when we came to *Dover*, he provided a Supper and Lodging for me: Tho' our Mess was no more than a Sauce-pan full of Soup-meagre, made of Herbs gather'd out of Ditches, which he had convey'd in a Hawking-bag for the same purpose: wherein he had cram'd such a various Collection of Natures green Exuberancies, as if he had been Caterer to King *Nebuchadnezar* in the Time of his Grazing.

The next Morning *Monsieur* visited me again, giving me a Letter for his Daughter, and bringing the *French Minister* with him: After a little Discourse, he was pleas'd to Flatter me, saying, *Sir, tho' you are a Man of Parts and Learning, and a Protestant, Necessitas non habet Legem, may cause your being Corrupted by Popery; whose Bigots are always a watching Advantages of Poverty to make a Profelite; it being seldom that they'll tempt a Rich Man, with Sense to Boot. For they are more Conscious of their Errors; and therefore 'tis, that Fools and the Indigent make*

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so great Numbers of their Converts. To do then a Work of Charity to a Member of the Church, let me desire you to change your Resolutions, and go for Holland, where I'll give you Recommendations, not doubting but you'll be Advanced there above the Thornes of Necessity.

It is impossible to express the Consternation I was in, and the sudden alteration of my Countenance, whether by a Natural Aversion we *English* generally have at the very Sound of that *Quagmire Epitomiz'd*; but I answer'd, That I should much rather chuse to Ship off for the Region of *Canibals*, being as sure to meet with as much *Charity* amongst those *Barbarians*, as amongst a *Self-loving People*, who had rais'd their own Welfare out of the Spoils and Miseries of their Neighbours: Adding, that the very Word frightens a *Dutchman*; and but to say one is *Poor*, is to endanger his being Shop'd in the *Rasp-House*, or *Bridewell*: For tho' I allow they are sturdy *Protestants* in the main, yet *Gilt* and *Interest* are the chief Objects of their Devotion; and notwithstanding you may see Painted, in Capital Letters, on the out-side of their Doors and Windows, *Godt Almachigh is migis Kerachtigh*, *God is my Strength*, I know their chiefest Dependency is in their *Coffers*. In a word, a Man would think, that good *Works of Pity and Compassion* were blotted out of their Canons:

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An Example of which a poor *Teague* afforded, who being half Starved, by meer Hunger compelled to Steal a *Pickled Herring*, was Whipp'd openly at *Rotterdam*, which one would think in Conscience, they ought to have put up, considering the Numbers they Yearly Steal from our Coast. But why do I speak of Conscience? That's as rare in the People, as good Eating in their Houses. Besides that, a poor Man must be oblig'd to Fast all the Year round, unless he can eat Buckly-Cakes, fryed in Lamp-Oyle, Flounders dryed, and as salt as *Lot's Wives Posteriors*, Grout-Pap, or such sort of Diet, that would turn a Man into a Beast, like themselves, and change his Humane Nature into Savage Inhumanity. Nay, tho' you happen among the *English*, or other Foreigners that reside amongst 'em, there's but little likelihood of Promotion; for, however it comes about, their Humours are so Infectious, that they Brutifie all Nations; and 'tis equally as difficult to meet with a Generous *Englishman*, as a Noble-Spirited *Hans*. For they have an industrious Faculty of teaching all Strangers to be as bad as themselves in a little time, and to impose even upon the Ignorance of their own Countrymen.

Urging these Reasons, the Minister desisted in his Perswasions; and in the Packet-Boat going for *France*, he got my Passage free; gave me his Blessing, a Crown in my Pocket, bid me Adieu,
and

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and wish'd me a good Voyage. I went on Board, and shewing my Billet, subscrib'd *Poor*, I was conducted to the Ballast, where I repos'd myself as well as the Stones would permit; and thanked God for the Earnest He had given me of Success.

Arriving before *Calais* the next Day, the Tide being spent, we were forc'd to Anchor two Leagues from the Haven, where, immediatly, a Flock of *Neptune's* greedy Vultures surrounded the Vessel, to transport the Passengers upon the Sands, whose Insolence, without regard to Quality, or the common Rules of Civility, was as Insufferable, as their Natures Brutish. They knew our Necessity of Landing, and tho' no farther distant from the Shore than before-mentioned, they exacted of each Person two Crowns, which being Collected before we Landed, Poor I, having but Thirty *Sol's* left, with a fair *Foutre*, they turned me Over-board, and I was forc'd to wade Breast-high, tho' very cold Weather, before I could quit my self of that dangerous Element, the Water. When I came to the Town, and the People beholding me in such a dropping Pickle, shaking like a *Kentish* Traveller troubled with a *Tertian Ague*; telling how I had been serv'd, they Pittied and Conducted me to the Town Mayors House; who, upon my Complaint, sent Orders to Arrest the Boat and

Men,

Men, causing them to give me treble Satisfaction, and a Moity of the remainder of the Money they had exacted, to the Poor.

Here I met several *English* that were forced to retire hither (for no Good you may be sure) casting a languishing Eye upon *Dover-Cliffs*, from the Point; repenting of their not being Wiser, than to be thus Cajol'd out of their Native Country. One expected a Bill, another Letters, and a third Money; talking as busie upon the Affairs of *England*, as if each had been a Statesman; some feeding themselves up with their own ridiculous Conjectures, till they look'd as Thin and as Pale as a Green-Sick ~~Wench~~ Wench that Eats nothing but Oatmeal; others gaping for Impossibilities, having nothing to support 'em under the Crushes of Ill-Fortune, but whimsical Reports of ot their own Coining, which they spread amongst one another, to prop up their vain Hopes and empty Improbabilities; some talking of new Wars (but they could not tell when) and that the K—— of F—— was an A--s, and a Fool, that he made Peace so soon, (tho' he could not help it.) Aye, says another, you don't know his Policy in that; 'twas expecting the King of Spains Death, and then he thought to have grasp'd that Kingdom too; and afterwards made himself Monarch of Europe, and have gratified his Ambition with Universal Empire; but

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but he's disappointed now of his Projects, as well as we of ours, when we and our Brother Assassins would have taken off the Spark (meaning King William) to have made room for him of St. Germain's. D—— n that Fat-Paunch'd Rogue, Captain P—— r, reply'd a third, he deserves to be Broyled alive for Betraying such a Meritorious Cause: He has a Hanging Look; and I have spoke with several who have lately seen him, that told me, he was the Scorn of all Gentlemen, and Kick'd out of all Company, according to the old Rule, of Loving the Treason, but Hating the Traytor.

Among these Factionous Exiles, who should be present but an *English* Secular Priest, Father Grey, (Brother to the suppos'd Mother of the Pretender) who is allow'd a Thousand Livres per Annum, by the French King, to reside at Calais, to Convert as many of his own Countrymen as are such Noddies to believe him. I had a great desire to Discourse ^{with} him, but he was very Shy, believing me to be an *Heretick*; however, intruding my self, he ask'd me, *What News?* I told him, *None at all, but that his Nephew was as far from being King of England, as he from being Archbishop of Canterbury.* At which he Frown'd, and Huff'd out of the Company, then we all parted, each taking his several way.

Having Letters to deliver to a French Protestane Merchant

Merchant in *Calais* Prison, I went to him, and, with much ado, was admitted, being forc'd to go under the Notion of a Native: But, Lord! what a stinking noysome Hole was this poor Gentleman confin'd to, just by a Common-shore, in a Dungeon, having no Light but a Candle. I told him my Business in *Dutch* (because the Goaler, being present, should not understand) and from whom I came: He was over-joyed; and under pretence of opening his Trunk to shew me some Papers, I secretly drop'd the Letters among them. After which, he told me, the reason of his Confinement was, that meeting the *Hest* in the Street, he did not Kneel, or pay any Homage to it; upon which, Report being made, he was seized, and all his Goods confiscated, and his Wife and Children carry'd to a Monestry; adding, he was used very Barbarously, and daily pestr'd with those Black Locusts, the Priests, to Convert him; but that he would Dye Ten Thousand Deaths rather than Embrace their Principles. He told me, 'twas dangerous to stay long, for fear of Suspicion, and a Premunire, if discover'd; so, after Drinking a Glass of Wine, I left him.

I enquir'd then after the Daughter of the *Frenchman* I over-took at *Canterbury*, whom I found at her Fathers House, having gain'd her Liberty, by her (pretended) Conversion. After Saluting her, I told her my Message; upon which she

she carry'd me into a private Room, where we had not been a Quarter of an Hour, but in came the Parochial Priest; we exchange'd Complements, and immediatly he was inquisitive to know who I was. She told him, an *Englishman* of her Acquaintance: Upon which he impudently ask'd my Business. I answer'd in Latin, *'Twas nothing to him, and thought it not the Trade or Mystery of Priests to dive into the Affairs of Young Men and Maids.* He said I was a *Saucy Fellow, and deserved to be Beaten; and that before he Parted he would know.* I reply'd, with a surly Scorn, *He would do better to say his Pater Noster, mumble over his Ayie Maries, and count his Beads, than to be so Impertinent.* Then (having some remains of Modesty) he directed his Discourse to his Female Profelitte, telling her, *She should not Grieve for the Heretick her Father, having her self embraced the True Faith; and that it gave him a Jealousie of her Sincere Conformity.* She mildly asked him (for you know 'tis convenient sometimes to hold a Candle to the Devil) how he could Blame her for Grieving at the Absence of her Father, and the entire Ruin of a Wealthy Family? And as to his Suspicion that he could not expect more than her Doubtful Approbation, till she had some internal Evidence of the Truth of it. The *Tad-Pole* said, *He was willing to believe her Sincerity;* and therefore, being

being the Pastor (or rather Destroyer) of Souls, he perswaded her to a Monastick Life: At which she turned aside, and diverted her Audience, by begging my Pardon, that she had made me stay so long, which I believe was two Hours, nor would the Priest stir a Foot till I was gone; which Madam perceiving, beckoned me out, and desired me to retire into a Closet, where I should here the Discourse, and see the Actions of those Devil in Sheeps Cloathing: So shutting the Door, to my Post I went, as eagerly Attentive as a disaffected Alderman, when one of his own Party is whispering Treason in a Coffee-House.

And looking thro' a Crevice, I saw him sitting in a Chair, whilst she was standing at the Window, glaring at her Beauty, like a Cat upon her Prey, and intreating her to come and sit down by him; which she modestly Refusing, he ran to her, clasp'd her round the Waste, and by immodest Violence Kiss'd her; belching out whole clusters of Veneral Complements, grasping her Hands, pressing her Knees, and being quite intoxicated with Letchery, express'd himself in this manner
See you not, my dear Child, that for the Love (Lust) of you, I cast off all the Honour of my Function? How can you deny the double Favour of Pleasure and Pardon at once, tho' which is Mortal in any other, yet is in us but Venial?
Really, Sir, reply'd the Gentlewoman, *I am not*
So

so good a Catholick, as to believe a difference of Sin between a Layman and a Clergyman, unless that the last is the more Heinous; nor can I be perswaded to rely on your Absolutions, but should think my self equally Guilty, should I condescend to your unjust Importunities; and (I must be plain) the worst of Hereticks could not Disgrace their Office more than you have yours, by attempting to Pollute a Virgin, who relies on your good Instructions for the security of her Vertue; therefore, pray Father forbear.

I could hardly restrain my self from Laughing (and I think I had the Virtue of a † Carthusian) to Observe, with Silence, the Motions of this Priestly Letter, whose Impudence, upon her Resistance, went so far as to take up her Coats, and pulling out his Instrument, would have compell'd her Modesty had not Strugling bid Defiance, and Vertue Guarded her from his impure Assaults, when breaking loose, she Reprov'd him thus, Is all your Ghostly Advice come to this, to betray a weak Virgin to your Debauches? Fye, I never thought you would dare to Attempt what you have so often Expressed; and was it not that there is a most strict Injunction of Torture in the Inquisition, to those that do disclose the Crimes

† There is a Religious Order of Carthusian Fryars, that never Laugh or Speak to one another but on Christmas Day, and then 'tis only Memento Mori.

Crimes of the Clergy, I should endeavour stripping the Gown over your Ears.

His Courage being somewhat cool'd, he became mighty Sober, putting on as grave a Look as a Fanatick Parson upon a Day of Contribution, and beg'd her Excuse, by telling her, It was a sudden powerful Temptation: And looking into his Pocket for his *Breviary*, (which Priests ought not to go without) and missing his Holy Sygil, which us'd to secure his Vertue from the Temptations of the Flesh, gladly imputed his Offence to the want of his Book; and so pacifying her Anger, he took his leave.

When I came out she told me, *That this he had often aim'd at; and yet pretended always before Company, Mortification, Selfdenial, and Spiritual Conversation. Is not then my Fate hard* (she proceeded) *to be thus treated by the Persons who make me play the Hypocrite with God, and expose me to be abus'd by such Insolence? And here is no Redress, for if I refuse one, I am shut up in a Cloyster; if I complain of the other, immediate Death, by the Bloody Inquisition. But this is not the only Lustful Satyr that is a shame to his Gown, and scandal to his Function; for scarce any of them but, under this Form of Godlyness to their Penitents, or Converts, endeavour to prostitute them to their Lust; but I'll make my Escape the first*
Oppor-

Opportunity. After talking a little while longer, and drinking some Coffee, we parted.

I was Considering now whether I had best go directly for *Paris*, or first call at *Brussels*, where having a Wealthy Relation, raised by my Family, I had hopes (when I told him my Condition and Designs) he would assist me in Gratitude: Upon which, I resolved on the latter, tho' ten Days Digression. I left *Calis*, having only Six-pence in my Pocket, taking my way thro' *St. Omers*, arrived at *Aerde* that Evening, and going to the Convent of *Carmelites*, a Religious Order, for to pray an Addition to my Stock, and sending in a Letter, in Latin, to the Superiour, it was return'd with Five Farthings, as a Testimony of the great Liberality of these Learned Assemblies towards Poor Traveling Schollars. I went to a *French Cabaret*, or the House at the Sign of the *Kings-Arms*, and ask'd him if I could have a Supper and Lodging for Seven-Pence, being all I had in the World. He desired me (with Hat in Hand) to come in, and immediatly ordered six Eggs to be Boiled, with store of Bread and Cheese, and a Pint of Wine. I could not imagine how 'twould hold out, for another must have paid at least Thirty *Sols*; and I began to think what Moveables I could best spare to satisfy the Cost, being jealous of a Trick, which proved otherwise, but had it been so, I had a very good *Nab*, and if the worst

worst should happen, 'twas but Selling it, and putting the overplus into my Pocket. Well, to Bed I went, and Slept heartily; and the next Morning I got up, between Hope and Fear, came down into the Kitchen, where I walk'd about, as a Penniless Strumpet pawn'd by a Town Sharper; but at last offer'd my Mite, which my Host, to my great Joy, refused, desiring me to stay, because it was not accounted Fortunate to Travel on *Sundays*. I was easily perswaded to gratifie the Request of my Landlord, and defer'd my Departure till the next Morning. At Dinner, to the Blessing of my Appetite, I found a Breast of Veal and Ham, with Soop; upon which I had as little Mercy as a Kite upon a Chicken, till I had stretch'd the Skin of my Belly as tite as the Cheeks of a sounding Trumpeter: Afterwards my Host and I went to see some *French* Troops Exercise, and then took a Game at Bowls; (all Sports, in *Roman Catholick* Countries, being allowed on the *Sabbath*) and at Night we had an excellent Turkey stewed *Al-a-mode*.

Next Day, about six a Clock, my kind Host came to my Chamber, and told me, *He was ready to Conduct me a League on my Way out of Town*, which accordingly he did. And being come to the High Road, I offer'd my small Stock, which he refused, telling me, *That by my Carriage he saw I was a Gentleman; and being*
in

in Distress, he thought it his Duty to Succour me. Adding, That he had several Children, and he knew not, but one Time or other, some of 'em might unhappily fall under the same Misfortune: But that I was very welcome, desiring only my Prayers, and that I would accept of a small Piece to help sustain the heat of the Day, having five long Leagues to perambulate before I should accomplish my intended Stage. I thank'd him kindly, and march'd on courageously, being pleas'd as much with the Generosity of his Temper, as with the Civil Entertainment I received from him.

Parting from my kind Host, I went on till I arrived at St. Omers, where finding every thing extraordinary Dear, as Eight-pence a Quart Beer, as much for a Pound of Bread and Cheese, and having but one Shilling, I began to be very Melancholy. I went to the *English* Cloister of *Jesuits*, sent in a Letter to Father *Mansell*, who sent me out Eight-pence; I was then somewhat revived, and walk'd about the City, where I met a great Number of *English* and *Scotch* Soldiers in the *French* Service, who would gladly compound for a Leg or an Arm, to have had the rest of their Bodies convey'd safe into their own Countries, which they might well desire, being half Naked and Starved.

I came to the great Market-Place, where I had the Observation of a *French* Operator, or Mountebank Doctor, (as we term 'em in *English*, and justly so Characteriz'd) whom I saw cut a Child of sixteen Months old for the Stone, and took one from him about the bigness of a Walnut. He also took out part of a bruised Skull, and put in an Artificial one: And, I believe, he drew out a hundred Teeth; doing all his Operations with as much Slight, as if Doctor *Faustus* had been his Tutor, and the *Devil* his Assistant; picking five Teeth out of one Patients Head, in as little Time as an expert Pick-Pocket can draw five Shillings out of a gaping Fellows Pocket in the middle of a Crowd. Before the Doctor came upon the Stage, there was a Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, consisting of Twelve in Number, in Masquerade, which lasted two Hours, and was very Diverting.

Here 'tis worthy Notice, That no Doctor hath a Pattent to Travel, but what is Examined, and he must be found Skill'd in Physick and Surgery, in all its Parts. The Pattent hath the Kings Sign Manual to it, with a *Proviso*, for the Benefit of the Poor, in every Town, to dispence his Cures, to all such as shall come to him the first three Days, Gratis. This is far different from our Scoundrels in *England*, who set up to be Physicians from Rope-Dancers and Merry-Andrews, who

who hardly know the Day of the Month by the Almanack; by whom the People are Gull'd, (and sometimes Poison'd) by their Impudence and Ignorance, rather than the Titles of *Doctors*, Merit that of *Vagabonds*, and deserve the same Correction at the *Whipping-Post*, given to the worst of Wanderers.

I happen'd in this Town to meet with a Strolling Priest, by Birth an *Englishman*, but of so Lewd and Vicious a Deportment, that I was almost asham'd to own him for my Countryman; we had not been Acquainted above an Hour and a half, before he confidently told me the following Story, which he averr'd was Transacted by himself in *St. Omers*, about three Years since, with a Woman who was now Dead; and thus, without Blushing, he began a recital of his Intrigue.

As soon as I came to *St. Omers*, said he, I had recourse to an Ordinary, or Tavern, to give myself, out of my slender Stock, which was reduc'd to a very low Ebb, Refreshment; where, upon my Enterance, I was usher'd up Staires by a jolly handsome Landlady, who happen'd, upon Enquiry, to prove a buxom Widow, whose Nuptial Joys had been always ineffectual; so that her Husband had left her unblest with Children, and much dissatisfied, (as I found by the Sequel) for want of the comfortable Effects of about seven
Years

Years in Matrimony. Having importun'd her Company (which I had not enjoy'd above a quarter of an Hour) I observ'd she began to cast such Amorous Glances upon my *English* Countenance, that I was embolden'd to mingle a few Kisses with my Wine, which I must needs confess, made my Entertainment, as I thought, abundantly the sweeter. I found her to be a *French* Woman born, whose Native Language I was a pretty good Master of, so that we soon fell into a more familiar Confabulation; but before I proceeded much further, I thought it necessary to give a Hint of my Misfortunes, lest she should expect to Coax me into a liberal Collation, more for the sake of Interest, than any other satisfaction she propos'd in my Company; she presently understood me, and in her Generous Expressions clear'd all my Scruples; telling me, *She could propose more Happiness in herself, in assisting to her Power, such an Unfortunate Gentleman, than she could in all the Honest Advantages her Employment could afford her.* This unexpected good Fortune, and surprizing Kindness at first sight, so startled me for the present, that I was quite puzzl'd for an agreeable Answer; but at last recollecting my self, I made such a return as I thought suitable; which I found, by her Smiles, was very pleasingly receiv'd. She now beg'd my Pardon for a little Time, and

told me she would wait on me again presently: Leaving me to ruminate by my self upon what had past, and to consider what were the best Measures I could put in practice to Oblige her. Shee had not been long Absent, but in came a Servant with a Cloth, which presently was succeeded with a cold Fowl, a Sallet, and a Dish of Wet Sweetmeats, the most Glorious Sight I had seen in a long Time. When every thing was in Order, Madam made her Return, improv'd with some additinal Imbelishments, to render her the more Amiable. She now, according to the Vanity of her Sex, began to make some unnecessary Excuses for the Deficiency of her Entertainement; which, on the contrary, I must Commend; till at last she desir'd me to fall too, and bid me heartily Welcome. After I had said Grace, my Stomach soon made manifest my liking to the Fare; for a Foot-Soldier in a Camp never exerted his Masticating Faculties, with more Eagerness than I did mine, till I had satisfied my Appetite, now and then illubricating my Throat with a Glass of Wine, that my Food might slip down with more facility. When Supper was over, and the Cloth taken away, my next Business was to express my Thanks, Gratitude, and Love to my kind Landlady, whom I Caress'd after the most obliging Manner; till by the power of her Charms, and

my plentiful Refreshment, I found my Rebellious Generation-Poker in such a sturdy Condition, that I could as well have made a Rams-Horn strait, as have bent this unruly Member, with both my Hands, into the form of a Crooked-Billet; I was only fearful he would have turn'd Incendiary, and have spit his Venom to the vexation of us both, before there was a fit opportunity to gratifie his Concupiscence. In this long Disorder I sat Tipling and Chatting with my generous Hostess, till it was almost Bed-time, who kindly invited me to accept of a Lodging in her House, so long as I should think convenient to tarry in *St. Omers*: I very joyfully accepted of her kind Invitation, being Thoughtful of little else, than how to make a compleat Amends for all her Courtesies, resolving to retain the old Proverb in my Mind, *viz. Faint Heart never wins fair Lady*. By this time the God of Day had bid this part of the World good Night, which gave my Airy Companion an Occasion of modestly putting me in mind, that Travellers have usually an early Regard to their Repose; and withal, told me my Bed was ready to receive me, and when I thought it convenient, she would conduct me to my Chamber; at which kind Expression (doing nothing Rashly, but Kissing first) I answer'd, upon the Condition she propos'd, I was ready to wait of her the en-

luing Minute: With that she began to shorten her Breath, like an eager Bride troubled with Loves Pthyfick, and snatching up the Candle, put her Amorous Eyes into a Twinkling Posture of Expectancy, and mov'd forwards. Now, thinks I, it must not be long before we Engage, for I find the Forces on both sides are in an equal readiness to join Battle; tho' I found my self very well prepar'd to make a vigorous On-set, yet I was not so unexperienc'd in the Wars of *Venus*, but I could assuredly foresee I should sustain several Overthrows before Morning; and that tho' I Rally'd never so often, I should at last come off by the worst on't. I had no sooner enter'd the Chamber with her, but the Thoughts of my Adventure, had made me so ready Cock'd and Prim'd, that I was afraid of nothing but a Flash in the Pan, to the disappointment of my Lady: After two or three close Kisses, and a Tumble upon the Bed, I began to lift up the widest end of her *Holland* Cover-shot, in order to examine the Premises, but she Modestly repuls'd my vigorous Attack, and enjoyn'd me a Forbearance, desiring me to go to Bed, promising to Visit me about an Hour hence, when it would be more convenient; so springing out of my Armes, she went down Staires, and left me by my self: Fears, Doubts, and Jealousies began now to damp my Courage;

such

such old terrible Stories crept into my Noddle, that I could think of nothing in her Absence, but *Bullies, Reincounters, Trap-Doors, Stripping*, and the like; being fearful to go to Bed, lest I should drop a Sleep, and my Throat should be cut for my Cloaths. But, however, weighing things considerately, I took Heart of Grace, and at last ventur'd to Strip, and put my self into a Combent Posture. I had not lain long, but my Lady, having order'd her Servants to Bed, was as good as her Word, and again blest me with her Company; who, after a few Languishing Importunities, consented to lay aside her Modesty with her Petticoats, and to act the part of a Female Lover. Upon this kind Submission, all my Bugbear Fears vanish'd, and nothing but the thoughts of *Snowy Breasts, soft Bellies, blushing Furbulows, Love Joys, Toys, Paradise, Heaven*, and the Lord knows what, supply'd their Places. No sooner were we met within Loves Theatre, the Sheets, but I made my Entry with my Lady in the Dark, and began to play my Part as Manfully as ever did *Mark Anthony* with his Beautiful *Cleopatra*. I vow I thought my self transported into another World for a Minute or two; but after a little Hemming and Haughing, like a Paviour at his Rammer, I soon came to my self again, and lay as quiet for a time, as a sucking Child that

had just Cloid it self with the Nipple. I now found by the Consequence, I had been too eager on my Sport, for my Pulse beat high, my Heart throb'd, and I drew my Breath as quick as a Grey-Hound after a long Course, tho' mine was but a short one. However, in a little Time, my wicked Inclinations began again to revive themselves, and I made another grateful Acknowledgment of my kind Bedfellows Favours. The second Scene being over, I now began to Yawn, and be as Drowsie as an old Nurse that had watch'd three Nights with a dying Patient, and would gladly have turn'd Tail, but that I fear'd my Bedfellow would have taken it for ill Manners. I was now in a puzzle what way to behave my self, like the Bride that thought, the turning her Face towards a Man the first Night, would look Impudent, and to turn her Breech would look ill Natur'd, so resolv'd to fling herself upon her Back, let him think what he would of her; and so truly did I, using a few kind Words, in the room of Deeds, till I slid gently into a sweet Repose, and Slept heartily till the next Morning, when Waking, I found my Mistress had deserted my Bed; I suppose, for fear of the Servants discovery. To tell you the Truth on't, I was not very sorry for her Absence, but gladly jump'd out of Bed, and whip'd on my Habiliments, for fear she should returne, and give me a fresh
Temp-

Temptation to farther Drudgery. When I had
Barton'd my self into my *Sheeps Cloathing*, and
despatch'd all to the combing my Head, washing
my Hands and Face, and saying my Prayers, I
knock'd for a Bason of Water, which was brought
me by a Servant; soon after which follow'd up
my Mistress, who, very kindly, bid me good
Morrow. I had no sooner Saluted her, and paid
her a Complement for all her Favours, more
particularly for the happiness of her dear Com-
pany, but she sat herself down upon the Bed, as
if she expected the winding up of the Bottom.
I ask'd her, Why she was so Unkind to steal
from me so early, without Waking me. She
told me, it was always her Custom to go to the
Mattins (which are Three a Clock Prayers in
the Morning) and that she thought herself more
particularly oblig'd to go this Morning, and
ask God forgiveness for the Sins she had com-
mitted with me last Night. Nay, thought I,
if you are so Religiously given, I am sure your
Devotion has renew'd your Leachery, and you
expect to begin a new score this Morning. So,
to tell you the Truth on't, I administer'd the
Nipple to her a third time, and then she seem'd
to arise well satisfied. She now left me to finish
my Vallety, and went down Stairs to Mill
me some Chocolate; which, as soon as I was
ready, I follow'd her to partake of: When I

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had plentifully Breakfasted with some *Naple* Biskets, and two or three Dishes of her *Spanish* Philtre, I was for expressing my ultimate Complement, and take leave. She was very importunate with me to stay two or three Days with her; but I excus'd my self, by pleading, I was under a great necessity to expediate my Journey: So passionately thank'd her for all her Civilities; who told me, in Tears, I was so very much like her poor deceas'd Husband, that she should be for ever Thoughtful of me: Then concluding our Moshroom Acquaintance, with two or three Hugs and Kisses, we seperated our Fornicating Carcasses.

The recital of this Story begot in me such an aversion to his Conversation, and not daring to Reprove him, I immediatly took leave, and proceeded towards *Ipres*.

The next Day I arrived at *Ipres*, being thirty Miles distant, there they would have had the *Pilgrim* turn *Soldier*, but I thank'd them; I saw the Misery of that sort of Employment too much at *St. Omers*. I was then carry'd before the Governour, who ask'd me, *What I was, and where I was going?* I told him an *Englishman*, designing for the *Jubilee*. *Why*, said he, *you're a Protestant, I suppose?* Yes, Sir, I answer'd, there are very many *Protestant*, as well as *Catholick* Fools, that go a great Way, to spend

a great deal of Money, and return as great Blockheads at last as if they had been bred up in a Chimney-Corner, educated in the Philosophy of Fire-making; and never had shook their Eares out of the singing of a Cricket. With that he smil'd, and discharg'd the File of Musketters, my Attendants.

There was one thing Remarkable, till I came to *Ghent*, ~~the~~ the extream Poverty in the Countries. At *Courtray* I saw five Hundred Poor, almost Naked, attending at the Cloisters for Relief. I lay that Night at *Deinse*, at the Entrance of which Place I met a Fellow, who ask'd me in *French*, *Whether I wanted a Lodging?* I told him I had no Money. He said, *Notwithstanding I should be welcome.* He carried me to his House, where he had Eels stewed for Supper. The next Morning rising, and passing thro' the Kitchen to thank him, hoping I should have found the same Civility I had met with from the *Frenchman*, but instead of that he stop'd me, demanding of me in *Dutch* an extravagant Reckoning; I bid him speak *French*, as he did the Night before; he said he could not understand me; and tho' he spoke that Language equal to a Native, I could not get a Word from him, but *Betal de Golt, Pay the Money.* I told him I had none; then he would take my Coat; to save which, I was forc'd at last to

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give a Muzzling Neckeloath, and a pair of Buckles; tho' the Rogue knew my Conditions, and gave me an invitation. But, *Post gaudia Luctus, Post nubula Phæbus.*

Being but nine Miles distant from *Ghent*, I arrived there about Noon, and went to the *Irish* Cloister of Jesuits, Eather *Clerk* being their Superiour, and desiring assistance, Father *Brown* was appointed to the Office, who readily entertain'd me, walking at least an Hour in the Gardens; and Discourfing about the Priests in *England*, how they dare venture to come and Reside there, contrary to the Law, for fear of Dying Martyrs at Tyburn; he told me, *That most of them were generally Persons of loose Lives in their Cloisters abroad, and that they were sent there for Penance.*

Which methoughts was much like our Transporting Felons to the Foreign Plantations, and I could not but Reflect what a hopeful Crew of Converters we have here, which their own Convents (as bad as they are) had spew'd out for their *Immoralities*, and consequently what Villanies we might expect; shou'd they be suffer'd to roost here. Then he had me in a Doors, where he presented me with four Schellings, or two Shillings *English*; and being oblig'd to go to Vespers he left me.

I diverted my self in viewing the Churches, and
parti-

particularly St. *John's*, the Cathedral, where I saw a Picture of the Virgin *Mary*, that I vow amaz'd me; she is Painted sitting between an old Man with a grey Beard, intending thereby to represent *God Almighty*, and our *Saviour*. in his Blooming Youth; the Virgin, with her Hands folded cross her Breast, was Pictur'd in equal Beauty with the *Holy Trinity*; the *Holy Ghost*, like a Dove, descending on her Head. I thought the Posture and Fancy so Blasphemous, that could it have been safe, I would have torn it to pieces. It was here I saw a sacred Relick, as the Papists call it, the Tail of the *Ass*, on which (as they Dream) Christ rode in Triumph to *Jerusalem*; but it seemed to me rather the Tail of a Fox by the Colour; and they tell you there is another at *Rome*. This was the first time I ever heard of an *Ass* with two Tails, and I must term him an *Ass* that believes it, tho' it was warranted for Truth by a whole General Counsel.

Here was a small Procession, which (according to the Definition of the *Romans*) is a Walking, or Marching of People from one Church to another, under the Conduct of one Priest, assisting with the Cross and Banner, there to invoke, by the intercession of some He or She Saints the extraordinary Assistance of God.

In

In these Processions they play the Fool, as much as Pilgrims do in their Pilgrimages: This Day being, as I was told, the Anniversary of St. *Joseph's* Flight into *Agypt*, about Ten a Clock all the Burghers assembled together, and all the Orders of Priests in that Town, with all the Companies of Tradesmen, with Streamers: They March'd in a Dejected Melancholy Posture: And expecting when the Crowd would end, at last there came by an Ass, with a great Maukin, representing the Virgin *Mary*, upon his Back; a little Child, representing *Jesus*, wrapt up in Swaddling-Cloaths; and an old weather-beaten Capuchin Fryar, leading the Ass by the Bridle-Head, representing *Joseph*. It was really so preposterously Comical, that I could not refrain Laughing outright, for which I had two or three knocks on the Pate; and had I not excus'd my self by alledging I was a Stranger, I should have had my Brains beaten out: However their satisfaction was to make me Kneel down, which I readily did, to save my Skin, for that Man is not to be accounted Wise, who is obstinate at such Times and Places: Then came a Jesuite; throwing Incense to those two Asses, and Singing what none could Understand, nor, I believe themselves neither. The Wench was Attired very meanly, with a Shaving Hat, and a green Ribbon.

Ribbon round the Crown; had it been in *England*, I should have sworn her to be a Milk-Maid; and indeed she was not much better, for I enquir'd, and hear'd she was a *Whitster of Linnen*, but very Handsome; and that Days Fatigue prefers her to wait on a Nun, or a Yearly Stipend, if she has not the Gift of Continence: The Child was kept by the Parish, and he is Ordain'd immediately for such an Order, and wears the Habit for ever after. The *Capuchin* look'd so pitifully, as if he had in earnest been Banished into *Ægypt*, Crossing himself, and Blessing the Multitude, which they received with as much Faith, as if the Person himself had been present. Well, into the Church they went, Afs and all, and coming up to the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, or *Holy of Holies*, I know not by what cunning Artifice, but at the Unveiling the *Virgins* Image, the Afs fell on his Knees as readily as a Manag'd Horse; which was the first time I ever saw an Afs at Church, except those ignorant ones that Attend him.

In short, before half the Ceremony of Sprinkling St. Afs was over, his Brethren crowding to Stroak him, were ready, in their Pious Expedition, to squeeze one anothers Guts out. Their St. *Mary* they fixed in a Chair, and the Boobies advancing to Kiss the Hem of her Garment,

ment, contending for Priority with one another, like so many Bumkins at a Country Wedding, striving whose Fingers should make the first approach to the Brides Garters, besides Twenty Vagaries of this nature. The time of Day not permitting me to tarry any longer, together with the impossibility of Containing my self at such Fopperies, I took my leave; and hastening out of Town, I reflected on the Entertainment I had met with already, but could not, in the best of my Judgment, find the least spark of Reason on their side. I consider'd so many Men of Sense must needs know better, and therefore Concluded, That such pompous and magnificent Walks, were invented on purpose to enhance the Credit of the Monks and Fryars, and to abuse and gull the People for the Priests advantage, conceiving the best Processions we can make, are not to march from one Church to another, but to advance from one Vertue to another, untill we mount to the *Holy of Holies*, even to *God* himself.

Being come to *Brussels*, I enquir'd after my Cousin, and found him, who bemoaning my Necessity, and somewhat pleas'd with my Design (being a Converted *Jew*) advanc'd me a Hundred Pistoles; which, together with a tickling Curiosity, strengthen'd my fix'd Resolutions, and therefore, like some other Fools of my

of my Countrymen, catching at Novelties, employed the Stock I had to buy Experience. The Beauty and Splendor of the

* Seven Headed Monster, * Rome Situated on
made such a Noise in my Seven Hills.

Ears, that I thought it prudent to Divert my self with this great Comedy of the *Jubilee*, which I doubted not but would daily afford some Subject or other of my Redicule, far exceeding all the Metamorphos'd Shapes and Actions of both the Theaters in *London*.

Brussels being the chief Court and City of *Flanders*, it will not, I hope, be taken amiss by the Reader, to give a small Account of it, since Rebuilt, which is so Noble and Magnificent, twill scarce be Credited: When I tell you all the Houses are Gilt on the out-side, and particularly in the Great Market-Place, by the *State-House*; they are at least six Story high, and so curiously Adorned with Paintings, and Carv'd Work on Wood and Stone, that when the Sun shines, it dazles the Eyes of the Spectators: On one side of the Square, the Heads of all the Dukes of *Brabant* are cut in white Marble. On the next side, the Duke of *Bavaria* on Horse-back, like that of King *Charles* the Second in the *Stocks-Market*. On the third side, *Love, Discord, Envy, and Peace* are Naturally represented in *Alabaster Figures*. On the fourth,

fourth, the King of *Spain's* Head, covered with Lawrels by two Angels, and encompassed with Artillery, very fine; also *Neptune* and his *Tritons*, finely Carv'd and Gilt, representing his Dominion of the Sea, according to Poetick Fiction.

In the Middle is a most curious Fountain of Alabaſter, Triangularly ſpouting from the Breasts of three Women. The Court, which eſcap'd Bombarding, is an Old, but Magnificent and lofty Structure, upon a high Hill, having behind it a pretty little Park, wherein are ſeveral Rock-Fountains, extreamly pleaſant to ſee the Water iſſuing from each Stone: Here are all the Dukes of *Brabant* Carved at length, placed in the Piazza's of the Palace; all which make the whole very Delightful.

But I had almoſt forgot to tell you of a piece of Cannon, of about Thirty pound Weight, at the bottom of the Steps deſcending into the Park, which is much eſteemed for a Miracle they pretend to have been wrought by it, which was this, A Queen of *Spain*, ſome Hundred Years ſince, being Ship-wrack'd in a Storm upon the *Flemish* Coaſt, the Veſſel bulg'd to pieces; and ſhe invoking the Virgin, got aſtride upon this Gun, which carried her ſafe to the Shore, tho' diſtant ſix Leagues, and a great way too, for a weak Faith to believe; which, in Commemoration of
this

this Wonder, is preserved, with a Golden Inscription over it, to the same purpose. I was told that some Zealots pay as much Homage and Reverence to this Piece, as to any one Relick in the City; which may very well be placed to the rest of their *Impostures*. I had not time here to make any other Remarks than what I've mention'd, so took Post for *Paris*, in order to my more speedy Entrance into *Italy*.

The Day that I came to *Paris* the Feast of our Ladies Assumption was Celebrated, which was in this manner: All the Burghers Houses were adorn'd on the outsides with Tapsteries and Pictures (those that could afford them) others, of the poorer sort, lin'd with Rugs and Blankets, and all the Streets full of Boughs and Greens, like a Wilderness; and thinking on what I had seen at *Ghent*, I heard a Noise, not much unlike our *London* Mobs Huzza's, of the People crying *Ave Maria!* I think at least ten Thousand, each having in his Hand a Wax Taper, with a small Vellum Picture of his Patron Saint. My Admiration still increased, when I spy'd a train of *Jesuits* advancing, two and two, Singing; with Note-Books in their Hands, the Services appropriated to that Solemnity. The *Michae-lites* Order follow'd next, dress'd in white Cloth, and white Hats. Then the Order of St. *Augustin*, in Black; The *Bernardines*, in Black and White;

White; the *Benedictines*, in Colour'd: Then the four poor Orders of *Dominicans*, *Franciscans*, *Capuchins*, and *Cordeliers*, all bare-footed, their Apparel Hair-Cloth, like a Riding-Hood, and a Petticoat girt round with a Rope, each having a Stick in his Hand, looking really so Miserably, that had it been any where else, I should have exprest my Pity by my Charity. Enquiring into the Method of those Orders more particularly, they told me, That they vow'd Poverty and Mortification; that they never wear Linnen, or lie on Feather-Beds; that they will Travel to *Jerusalem*, Begging all the way for Subsistence, and doing Works of Piety: Adding, That Dukes, Earls, and the best of Families, have resign'd all their Honours and Dignities, to enter into this severe Life; and that they never engage in Disputes, or mind State Affairs, or Plots, leaving that wholly to the *Jesuits*, who, I found afterwards, make it their chief Studies and therefore 'tis not without Reason they are call'd, *The Incendiaries of Europe*.

These being past, at last, to bring up the Rear, came a Pageant of extraordinary bulk, adorn'd with all sort of Flowers, with a Cloth of Gold, enrich'd with glittering Stones, hanging down to the Ground: Above was the Figure of the Virgin *Mary*, in solid Silver, having a Scepter in one Hand, a Globe in the other, and

and a Crown of massy Gold, set with Rubies, Pearls and Diamonds on her Head; on each Side, two Angels of Silver, as uttering *Ave Maria, Gratia Plena*; the Spectators lifting up their Hands, with an *Ora pro Nobis*: Her Attendants were Men and Women, drest like Cupids, with the richest Attire, and Coronets on each Head; all playing on several Instruments of Musick, with an excellent Harmony of Voices: They went on to the Church of *Nostre Dame*, where, for the space of two Hours, they exceeded all the Balls I ever met with; which ending, I went to my Lodging, where Musing a while, I concluded there was no difference between a *Lord Mayors Show*, and the *Idolatrous Fopperies* of the *Romish* Church, fit only to please Women, Children, and Fools.

I resided here two Days, to visit some particular Places; and having heard a great Talk in *England* of *St. Dennis's* Church, I went to a Town a Mile off, to see it; where were exposed to view, the Nails that fast'ned our Saviour to the Cross, a piece of the Cross it self, the Arm of *St. Simon*, the Head of *St. Dennis*, inclosed in a Golden Emblem of Mortality, and the Lantern of *Judas*, when he Betray'd our Redeemer, of which many Historians take Notice.

But

But, to returne to *Paris* again, I believe I saw Twenty Pictures of *God Almighty* in the Churches there, in as many different Postures; some with the *Almighty* sitting in the Middle, our *Saviour* on the Left, and Mr. *Pope* on the Right, shaking Hands, *Hail Fellow well met*; which sufficiently declares the Pride of his Holiness to be such, that he is not content with his Spiritual Supremacy upon Earth, but like a *Prodigal Vicegerent*, denies his *Heavenly Master* the Right Hand, whose Church he pretends to Govern with Infallible Security, tho' he abhors the great Example of his Lords *Humility*: Others with the Pope Writing and God Whispering: in some, *God Almighty* taking the Pope up to Heaven by the Hands; in others, God Crowning the Pope; so strangely Wicked and Presumptuous, that I could not Observe them without Horror and Confusion; which brings into my Mind a Story of a Pleasant Discourse between a *Turk* and a *Romish Priest*, no less true than Diverting.

In *Hungary*, under the *Grand Seigniors* Dominion, the *Christian Religion* is Tolerated, and the *Catholicks* have the greatest Footing there; however, Yearly, the *Turk* sends an *Intendant*, or *Vizier*, to Collect his Tributes; and it happen'd, not long since, one of them had the Curiosity to see the Churches, and particularly in one, beholding the *Magnificence* and *Stately*

-Furniture

Furniture, the *Vizier* was mightily pleas'd, and admir'd the curious Painting: He spy'd among the rest, a very large Picture of an old Man sitting in the Clouds, most excellently Drawn, so calls the *Abbot*, commending the Work, and asks whose Picture that was, which Represented so very Venerable an old Man? *The Picture of God*, reply'd the *Abbot*: At which the *Vizier* standing amaz'd, demanded who Painted it, and withal desired him to send for the Painter; for if he could do a Business for him as well as this, he would give him a great deal of Money. The Painter came; *Are you the Person that drew this Picture?* said the *Vizier*. *Yes, if it please your Excellency, I am,* the Painter answer'd. *'Tis very finely perform'd. Pray who doth it represent?* The *Vizier* reply'd. *The God of Heaven and Earth*, said the Painter. *Ay! 'tis very strange* said the *Vizier*. *Well, seeing you are so Ingenious, I'll employ you my self: I have a great Mind to have the Picture of my Great Grand-Father drawn: I have some Notions of him, and if you Draw it to the Life, I'll reward you very well. Has your Excellency the Copy by you,* cry'd the Painter? *Why can't you do it out of your own Head,* said the *Vizier*? *He was but a Man: Lord, Sir! It's an impossible thing,* said the Painter, *having never seen, or had any Know-*
ledge

ledge or Description of him. And how then, said the Vizier, dare you pretend to Draw the Image or Likeness of GOD, an Eternal Spirit, before all Ages? Upon which the Painter and Priest sneak'd away with their Fingers in their Mouths, to hear the *Audacious Insolencies* and *Idolatrous Practices* in a *Christian* People so sensibly Reprov'd by a *Turkish Infidel*.

How much such things expose the *Christian Religion* to the Scorn of the *Atheists* and *Infidels*, may easily be perceived. Some time after I enter'd into Discourse with two or three *Dominicans* about these *Idolatries*, but could not, with all the reasonable Arguments I could offer, bring them to any Acknowledgment of their Error, who had little to urge in Defence of their Fopperies, but that I misrepresented them to my self, by my over-weening Prejudice; and that if it was so, as long as it gave no Offence to the People, it would not be Evil, but rather a help to their Devotion. A strange Religion, that an Affront and Contradiction to Gods Laws should have such good Effects, as to strengthen their Sincerity; and that False and Forbidden Measures should help 'em in the true Worship of God: But I found 'twas rather to encrease the Honour and Reverence for the *Pope*, who by such Artifices and Artifics, assume a Power Superior to all Princes, even to the treading on their Necks;

Necks; which would be very well revers'd, and himself to become the Foot-stool of his *Christian* Enemies.

Leaving *Paris*, I associated my self with two *English* Gentlemen upon the Road, and took our way from thence to *Geneva*, where we arrived in eight Days: It would be but an obscure Town, were not Fame her Friend; yet seems to lye *Geographically* in the Center, between *Germany*, *France*, and *Italy*; and for this Reason, 'tis suppos'd, *Calvin* began to Preach up his *Reformation* in this City, before any other, not thro' any Splendor of the Place, but that some might come from all parts to follow his Doctrine, which began and succeeded in the Year 1538, according to the Description of a Marble Table in the Town-House at *Geneva*: It hath another Advantage by it's Scituation, that the better sort Speak or Understand any of these three Languages *French*, *Dutch*, or *Italian*.

Amongst whose Divines, *Deodatus* is their great Patron, a great Scholar, and a pricking Thorn in the *Jesuits* sides. Their State (excepting some private Men) hath hardly Wealth to subsist, yet every Citizen will lay down his Life and Means for to maintain their *Cause* and *Liberty*, and they keep continual Watch; the *Savoyards* very often making Incursions so far, that they shewed me where they once had Scaled the Walls, but were Reposs'd. Their

Their own Territories about the City exceeds not the Lands of many Country Gentlemen about their Houses: But, in Case of Necessity, they have the *Protestant Cantons* to help them, with whom they are Confederates.

There is little remarkable in the City, except in the Town-House, where are kept Fourteen Urns, which were dug up as they were raising the Works of the City. *St. Peters* Church is the chiefest, where I heard a Sermon, and after discoursing with the Minister, of the Follies I had seen in my Journey to *Flanders* and *France*, he conducted me to an Apartment, like our Vestry, and opening a little Cupboard, shewed me a Relique, which before the Reformation, he told me, the *Roman Catholicks* esteem'd to be the Brains of *St. Peter*, but that 'twas only a Pumice-stone beat to Powder; and taking out another Box, shewed me the Arm of *St. Anthony* of *Padua*, but was only the Haunch of a Stag; at which we both Laugh'd Heartily.

After this repose, we began to bethink our selves of the Laborious Task we had to undertake to get over the Neighbouring Mountains: but meeting Opportunely with a Guide; who had been conversant in the way, we made our Agreement with him, that he should bear all Charges for Horse, Diet, and Lodging, till we came to *Sesto*, paying him Eight Pistoles a Man. Hence

Hence we took Boat down the *Lake*, which is held to be the biggest in *Christendom*, to *Boverette*, from whence we took Horses for the first Day, and went forward till we came to *Montel*, where we Dined; and in the Evening, we Lay at *Martigni*, going thro' the Gate that divided the *Vallois* from the *Dutchey* of *Savoy*; from thence to *Sion* and *Briga*, at the Foot of the *Alpes*, there running along a rich Valley between two huge Mountains. Hereabouts the Rivers *Rhine* and *Rhofen* have their Fountains, but neither Navigable. The next Morning going up the Hill, it happened one unruly Jade broke loose, and ran away. 'Twas my ill Fortune to be set upon a Mule, an unruly headstrong Beast, which seeing the Horse a great way before, ran furiously after him, and carry'd his Rider over such terrible Places, that the Company gave me over for lost: But, as Providence would have it, the Horse and my Mule stay'd of themselves till my fellow Travellers overtook me, and reviv'd me with a Dram of Pocket Cordial, from the trembling effects the visible Danger I was in had on all Parts of my Body; that had not my Prick-Ear'd Tit stopped as he did, I should have drop'd some signs of Good-Luck, tho' in a very bad Condition. After a great Fatigue, and much Danger, we came to the Top of the *Alpes*, where was nothing to be seen but

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Snow

Snow, which hath lain there beyond the Memory of Man; and, as some say, ever since the Flood. There are Poles set up to direct the Passengers, yet in the very Path, our Horses went so deep, that few or none of us escap'd without a Fall. After we had pass'd over the *Snow*, which was but for four Miles, or thereabouts, we were forc'd to Alight, to crawl down the steeper part of the Mountains; and then our Guide desir'd us to Horse again; and having, with much Pains, yet Delight, because of the Variety, gain'd the Ascent, we came to Dinner at *Sampion*, at the top of a Mountain, to which that Village gives the Denomination.

After Dinner we had the hardest part of our Journey to pass, and then we were the worst provided; the poverty of the Place could not afford us either Saddles or Bridles to our Jades; for here we were obliged to take a new Guide, and fresh Horses, and leave our Furniture behind us, with our Scrubs, who would out-climb a *Welsh* Goat, up a Rock or Mountain; yet Necessity drives, and away we must: Our *Tirminius Visus*, was such stupendious Hills, as rais'd their lofty Heads much above the Clouds, to shew Nature, without offence to her great Director, can throw Mountains upon Mountains, and build Towers of Earth without Hands, far above the pitch of *Babylonian* Presumption. These had

on their Heads their *Snowy Night-Caps*, which they wore, tho' cold, for many Ages, according to Conjecture. On all Sides were terrible Precipices, monstrous Rocks, Passages over narrow Bridges, Cataracts of Water, tumbling down with such Noise, that we could not hear one another Speak. Our Guide, in our Passage over this part of the *Alpes*, shew'd us the terrible Descent where my Lord ———'s Coach and Horses were unfortunately swallow'd up; the Passage being so very narrow, and the Precipice wonderful high, that 'tis enough to make a *Hannibal* Tremble, were he living, to behold the Danger.

This strange and unusual Landskip continued not above five Hours, but presently we met a new People, with a new Physiognomy, a new Genius, a new Dress, a new Language; yet the first Words we heard we understood; *Com h:yn* Gots Name, and *Got tank heir*. These *Monricoli*, or *Mount-Dwellers*, are in all things very like the *Switzers*, stout lusty Fellows; yet exceeding Dull and Ignorant; they wear long Breeches and Ruffs about their Necks; their Speech is broken *Dutch*. That which they are most Commendable for, is their Honesty; a Man may Travel over all their Country with Gold in his Hand, without fear of being Robb'd. Their Women, in appearance, seem to Derogate from
C 2 their

their own Sex, having a Masculine Voice, and Deportments wholly inconsistent with Female Tenderness and Modesty. Passing on, we enter'd into the *Paese de Valesi*, a most Barbarous Disconsolate Place, a Habitation for only Wolves and Bears; and three Miles further, we got safe to *Vedra*, the first Village in the Dutchy of *Milan*, where we rested that Night.

The next Morning we had fresh Horses for *Duomo*, and so the Difficulties of our Journey requir'd, meeting with extream hazardous Way, and high Precipices to boot: (Believe me, *Hannibal* had a most difficult Task to lead an Army over the *Alpes*, *Difficilis est ad astra Via*) Our Horses, tho' Train'd up in those Paths, seem'd to tell their Steps, and pick out their Footing; however, in this slow Pace we timely came to our Dinner, to which we had as good Stomachs, as ever *English* Plowman had to a Bag-Pudding.

In the Evening, thro' a series of Rocks, heap'd to the Skies upon one another, we came to *Margarro*, a poor Village at the end of the Lake *Maggiore*, where the Difficulty of our Voyage ended.

I happen'd to step into a diminutive Tavern in this Town, where, by Accident, I met with a very Witty, tho' a very Wicked Priest, design'd like my self, for the *Grand Jubilee*. The rest of my Fellow Travellers took Boat
for

for *Sesto*; but I being more Tired than my Companions, was willing to spend one Night at *Margarro*, to give my weary Limbs a comfortable Refreshment.

The want of Modest Conversation obliged me to take up with the *Priests* Company, tho' I knew I must Treat him; for, like some of our *English Ecclesiastical Spungers*, if they say but Grace to a good Supper, you may take it for granted their Club's paid: However, I was willing, being Flush in the Pocket, to dispence with such an inconveniency, rather than to Sup by my self, and Curse my Company.

The Village was so ill stock'd with Provisions, that we could not get any thing for Supper worth Eating, but part of a fat Kid, which they had killed in the Morning; so that I order'd 'em to Roast a fore Quarter, and procure a good Sallat, with all Expedition, for I was very Hungry. The *Priest* seem'd mightily overjoy'd he was likely to Fare so well; and began to be very Merry over a Glas of Mountain Wine, which we had call'd for, for a Whet. At last falling into a Talk of Religion, in which I was very Cautious, for fear of the *Inquisition*, he began very frankly, of his own accord, to expose the Errors and Deceits of the *Romish Clergy*, saying, That all their Relicks were Impostors, and their Miracles Impositions on the People;

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That their Monastries were a parcel of Bawdy-Houses, their Nuns a pack of Whores, and the Monks their Stallions; That the Pope was a proud Dotard, and had no more Sense, or Infallibility in him, than an old Alms-Woman.

I thought these were strang Exclamations from the Mouth of a Priest, imagining, at first, it was some Design to draw me into a Premenire; but found, at last, it was meerly the Effect of his Lewd and Wicked Disposition.

The Wine being very strong, and he a Rattle-Headed Levite, he Tipped so plentifully of it, that he got quite Fuddled before Supper-time, infomuch that he began, very familiarly, to lay open the Looseness of his own Life; and at last plucks out a little Box, fill'd with small Papers, folded up with great Exactness, *Here*, says he, *I have some Hair Reliques of all the pretty Ladies that ever I have us'd Church Discipline withal; for I never administred Christian Consolation to a Female Penitent in my Life, but I always clipt of a little Tuft of her Furbelow, to keep for her sake, that I might see the Colour of the Bush I had been beating of. And I would have you to know, Sir,* says he, *that I value this little Box of Vulvarian Exuberances, more than his Holiness, the Pope, does all his Reliques in the Vatican; and were we not in a Country where it is the*
Fashion

Fashion for Women to Mow their——Corpt,
I would have engaged to have shown you a
Sample of my Landladies Mount of Venus by
to Morrow Morning. I thought this to be
such Unparallel'd Impudence in a Man of his
Function, that if the Devil himself had got in-
to a Priests Habit, he could not have behav'd
himself more Wickedly.

By this time Supper was brought in, and
then his Bawdy Memorandums were shut up,
and restor'd to a particular Pocket, set apart
for the Reception of such Lewd and Unseem-
ly Tokens of his Debauchery; yet the Hypo-
cite, upon the sight of the good Creature,
put on so Reform'd a Countenance, and Bless'd
the Food after so Devout a Manner, as if he
wanted not Piety enough to be Canoniz'd for
a Saint. Upon which I took the freedom to
ask him, *How he that had been Talking so*
Loosely before, could so suddenly fall from
his Bawdy, into an Extacy of Religion? Why,
Sir, says he, do you look upon that to be so
strange a Thing? Do not all Mankind Sin
and Pray, and Pray and Sin? Don't the
Devoutest Marry'd Couple upon Earth say
their Pater Noster before they go to Bed, and
fall to satisfying the Lust of the Flesh as
soon as they are got into it? Does not every
Harlot step from Fornication to Devotion,
C 4 and

and from Devotion to Fornication? And the best Priest of us all, from the Bottle to the Altar, and the Altar to the Bottle? Why, therefore, should you wonder at me? In short, Sir, says he, he that can't be Merry with the Chearful, and Sober with the Sad, is not fit to be a Man of my Function. How do you know, said I, but I may be a Priest? If you are, said he, I don't care, for then I am sure you are as Wicked as I am; for we are all alike, only some of us are Wicked in Cloisters, out of the Worlds sight, and others, like me, are forc'd to be Wicked in Publick, for want of better Conveniency.

With such sort of Chat we entertain'd one another at Supper; which was no sooner over, but I began to be so Drowsie, that I desir'd to see my Bed-Chamber, leaving my Maudlin Companion to shift for himself; and, if he pleas'd, to manage an Intrigue with my Landlady, whose Husband was gone about extraordinary Business to *Sesto*, and was not expected Home that Night. Just as I imagin'd, so it happen'd, as I found afterwards; for I was no sooner got to Bed, but the Priest was for improving his Opportunity, and made very close application to my Landlady, to accept of him for a Bedfellow, in her Husbands absence. The good Natur'd Dame, like a true Woman, being

being unwilling to refuse so kind a Proffer, after two or three Modest Hesitations, to whet his Appetite, did at last Consent: There being but three Beds in the House, I having secur'd one to my self, the Priest and my Landlady Occupying the second, and the Maid the third. About Twelve a Clock at Night, by the help of Moon-shine, Home comes my Landlord, who knock'd with no little Authority, in order to gain Admittance: The Woman being wakeful, soon jump'd out of Bed, and fell to jumbling her Bedfellow, who was so lamentably stupified, between those two Opiates, Wine and Venery, that she could not Wake him, upon which she beat up that side of the Bed where she had lain, as well as she could; and having the Presence of Mind, to first remove her Cloaths into the Maid's Chamber, slip'd on her Petticoats, and went down and let him in, telling him, *That both the Beds were taken up by two Travelling Gentlemen, and that she was forc'd to lie with the Maid; but, that she had desir'd one of the Gentlemen, in case you should come Home, to leave his Door upon the Latch, that you might be his Bedfellow, or that else I could not make any Provision for him, to which he very readily agreed.* The good Man seem'd very well satisfy'd, and order'd her to strike a Light,

that he might go up Stairs, which she did accordingly ; then my Landlord bidding his Wife *good Night*, mounts into his *Cubiculo*, sets the Candle down upon the Table, and being grievously troubled with a couple of Corns, takes a Pen-Knife and a Whet-stone out of the Drawer, and fell to sharpening the Instrument, in order to do Execution upon his vexatious Enemies: The Priest in the interim happen'd to awake, and missing of his Bedfellow, and seeing a Light in the Chamber, was very much surpriz'd ; and gently raising his Head from the Pillow, saw my four-look'd Landlord whetting of his Pen-knife, was struck with such a pannic Fear, that he quite lost his Retentive Faculty, and shot out such a Load of Rubbish from his Gormondizing Intrals, that had been worth a Gallon of Mild-Beer to a *Neat-House*. And my Landlords Corns happening to give him a severe Twing at the same time, made him cry out aloud, *I will be with you presently* (meaning his Corns) *as soon as ever I have sharpen'd my Knife; by the Mass I'll have you both out, Root and Branch, before I Sleep*. With that the Priest jump'd out of Bed, saying, *By the Lord, but you shan't, for I'll lose my Blood before I'll part with either*: And away he run down Stairs, as if the Devil drove him, seizes upon a Spit, and, in a stinking Condition, stands upon his

his Guard, at the bottom of the Stairs. My Landlord was as bad Frighted as the Priest, and rais'd the whole House to know the Meaning of the Freak. The cunning Dame, by stepping first to her Husband, discover'd the Mistake; and next, whipping down Stairs to the Priest, made him sensible of his Error, to prevent the whole Intrigues being laid Open, and herself Expos'd; so, upon a right Understanding, every thing was made easie; the Bed shifted, and Domine refresh'd with a clean Shirt, so we all return'd to our Beds, and Slept as heartily as *Dormice*, till seven in the Morning.

From *Margarro*, the next Day, we took Boat for *Sesto*, and had, after an Hour or two, a very pleasant Passage; we pass'd by *Arona*, a strong Town in the Dutchey of *Milan*, standing on the side of the Lake; and against it is *Angriera*, and about Seven at Night arrived at *Sesto*, where, the next Morning, we hired a Coach for *Milan*.

'Tis very remarkable to observe, three Miles distant from *Sesto*, how, on a sudden, the *Alps* break off the flat Country like a Wall, to part *Italy* from her Neighbours, *France* and *Germany*; as if Providence, thro' its foresight of the restless Ambition of Princes, and Avarice of Mankind, had Bounded the several Dominions of the World, as they stand now Divided, and Fortified each different Country by Nature; some with

with Seas as Islands; and Inlands with Mountains, Rocks and Rivers, to prevent Incurfions into one anothers Territories. Hereabouts I had in full view the Mount *San Barnado il Grandee*, the higheft Terrafs in *Europe*; and we could perfectly difcern it very much to out-top the Clouds. We Din'd in the Mid-way, at *Alla Castellanza*, and at fix arrived at *Milan*, which, for the mighty Circuit of her Walls, and the great Number of her Churches, is before any other City in *Italy*, faid to be Great; tho' *Paris* or *London* go much beyond it for bignefs; yet they muft be looked on as the Heads of Kingdoms. This as the Capital of a Dutchy or Province; befides their chiefest Magnitude lies in their Subburbs; whereas *Milan* has none, but lies within a Stately Wall of Ten Miles compafs. It is plac'd in a wide Plain, and hath about it Green Hills, Delightful Meadows, Navigable Rivers, and enjoys a wholefome Air. The Territory doth fo well furnifh it with all Neceffaries, that 'tis worth a Days Journey only to fee the Market; neither doth it want Trade to fupport it in a Flourifhing Condition, for 'tis throng'd with *Artizans* of all forts. Before *St. Lorenzo's Church* ftands fixteen Marble Pillars, a remnant of the Temple of *Hercules*, which confirms *Milan* to be of great Antiquity.

Since they fhook of *Paganifm*, to embrace the
Chriftian.

Christian Faith, that Glorious Pillar of the Church, Saint *Ambrose* was her Bishop, to whom there is a Church Dedicated, in which, under the High-Altar, supported by four *Porphyry* Pillars, his Body is Interr'd; 'tis believ'd, that St. *Ambrose* stood at the Gates of this Church, when he Excommunicated *Theodosius*, the Emperour, and would not suffer him to enter. Hard by is a poor *Chappel*, in a blind Corner, with a Well, where St. *Ambrose* Baptiz'd St. *Augustine*, and began the *Te Deum*, as the Inscription of the Wall witnesseth.

Hec Beatus Ambrosius, Baptizat Augustinum Deodatum et Allippium, hec Beatus Ambrosius Incipit Te Deum Laudamus.

Augustinus Sequitur

Te Dominum Confitemur.

This Place is so mean, and so little regarded, that 'tis very probably true, for it seems the Name of *Carolus Barromaus*, a *Counsel-of-Trent-Saint*, highly cryed up there, hath extinguish'd the Memory of that Learned Father. In St. *Eustargies Church* is to be seen the *Sepulcher*, wherein lay the Bodies of the three *Magi*, which were afterwards Transported to *Cologne* in *Germany*, but there remains a square Tomb,

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Tomb, like that of *Geoffry Chaucer's* with this Inscription, *Sepulchrum Trium Magorum.*

Most of the *Churches* in *Milan* deserve the Eye of the Curious, yet all may be deluded in the *Dome*, or *Cathedra*, for that *Fábrick's* the most like Our *St. Paul's* of any I saw in *Italy*; but the Materials more costly.

'Tis all of white Marble, and about it are five Hundred Statues of the same. About the Body of the *Church* are set up Pictures of the Miracles wrought by *St. Charles Baromae*; how he made the *Blind* to See, the *Lame* to Walk, the *Dead* to Live; how by his interceeding to the *Virgin*, on a certain day in a dry Summer, immediately it Rain'd; with many other Stories as Ridiculously improbable: However, in a *Chappel* under Ground, the Body of this new-found Saint is Worshipped with a Treasure of rich Presents which would do the Saint much more Honour to give to the Poor. The fairest *Palace* in *Milan* (I may say in *Italy*.) is the great *Hospital*, a square of Columns, and Porcelet, six Hundred Rods about, resembling rather the *Court* of some *King*, than to keep Alms-Men in; yet it can be put to no better use than to Feed the Hungry, and Cloath the Naked. Next to this, I reckon'd the *Castle*, accounted by all *Enginers* one of the fairest and strongest *Fortifications*, or *Cittadels*, in *Europe*. They are very shie in suffer-
ing

ing Strangers to see it, or to cast so much as an Eye on the Out-works, without a Reprimand; wherefore I had no Opportunity to oblige the Reader with a more ample, or particular Description.

I took a walk back again to the Church of *St. Ambrose*, where they shew'd us many Reliques, and amongst the rest, that which they call the *Host*, or *Waser*; from whence, they tell us, Blood issued in great abundance after a *Protestant* had in several Places stabb'd it with a Knife; that upon his so doing, the *Waser* was chang'd into an *Infant*, and from an *Infant* to a *Waser* again: Whereupon, falling into Discourse, I ask'd him this Question, How it came to pass, that at present there were not so many Miracles to be seen as in former Times? In answer to which the *Fryar*, who shew'd us the Reliques, told us, *That in the Cappel of St. Baromæ, there were almost every Day Miracles wrought at an Altar of the Blessed Virgin; where Still-Born Infants were restored to Life, till they could be Baptized, which was looked upon as a great Happiness, for, according to the Romish Opinion, Infants Dying without Baptism cannot be saved by the Faith of their Parents, but go down to a Dungeon, which they call Limbo Infantum, which is made on purpose for them, where they are to continue for ever. We cannot then suppose any*
Parents

Parents to be so Inhumane and Hard Hearted, as they rather would save their Money than relieve their Children from so deplorable a Condition, by having Prayers and Masses said for them at the said Altar. So that was the Trade driven by the Religious of that Order.

We went therefore about Eleven of the Clock in the Morning to the Chappel, where we saw the Miraculous Image of the *Virgin*, and two *Still-Born Children*, who had already lain there two Days till they stunk. The *Parents*, who were of the best Families of *Milan*, had during this time, procured 200 *Masses* to be said in this *Chappel*, at a Crown a piece, in order to obtain from God, by the Intercession of this Image, and by the Prayers of the *Religious*, so much Life for these poor Children as might be sufficient for 'em to receive the *Sacrament of Baptism*. The *Fryar* would fain have deferred their *Resurrection* for a day longer, but the Bodies were already so far Corrupted, that 'twas almost impossible to abide in the *Church*; so that we came in the Nick of Time to see the Miracle perform'd.

Being towards Noon, when the crafty Crew of of Bald Pates were at the last *Mass*, a Young *Fryar*, who served at the *Altar*, going to carry the *Mass-Book* to that side where the *Gospel* was Read, hit with his Arm, either willingly or by chance, the Table of the *Altar* upon which the

Infants

Infants were laid, which made them move. The Priest who was saying *Mass*, and who probably was acquainted with the Hour and Moment of this Interlude, immediately broke off from his Prayers, and, with a loud Voice, Pronounced the *Sacramental* Words, *Baptizo*, &c. casting in the mean time, on their Bodies, the Water where-with he had washed his Hands.

At the same time a great cry was in the Church, among the People, of a Miracle, a Miracle. My Eyes could not deceive me in a Juggle I so plainly discern'd, I could with all my Heart, have attempted to undeceive the People, but that I knew the Consequence would be to have my Brains beat out, or torn in pieces by the Rabble, intigated by the Monks and Priests, who knowing no God but their Interest, would soon have cited it, under pretence of *Herosie* or *Incredulity*.

Here is also one of the Nails which pierced the adorable Body of our Saviour, which is so esteem'd, that every Summer they celebrate a Procession to it; to which not only the Inhabitants of this City, but also the Nobility and Gentry of the Neighbouring Towns and Provinces do flock in Crowds. The Cardinal, and Arch-Bishop himself assists in Person at it, and carries the Relick of this Holy Nail, which *Constantine* the Great having met with, in Honour to it, made it
part

part of his Bridle. It is now expos'd to view, enclos'd in a fair Christial, fix'd upon a large Pedestal of pure Gold, of rare Workmanship, and adorn'd with precious Stones; and is certainly one of the richest and finest Pieces that can be seen, and so heavy, that the Cardinal had much ado to carry it.

The Reflection I have made upon this Nail, is, That according to the History it self, which the *Papists* give us of it, the Reliques, and especially the Instruments of the Passion, at which they at present pretend we are obliged to render *Latria*, that is, *Divine Worship*, did not in antient Times receive any such Honour; since *Constantine* (as they own themselves) made that Nail a part of his Horses Bridle, which no Body will be so Foolish as to own for a piece of *Divine Honour*. He did not cause it to be set upon the *Altar*, as it is at present, neither did Men kneel before it, as the *Papists* now do; for then it would have follow'd, that where-ever *Constantine's* Horse pass'd, Persons must have Prostrated themselves before it, which is not hinted in any part of the History of that great Man.

And since I am fallen upon the Processions that are in Vogue at *Milan*, I think my self bound to give you a Description of one of the most Famous that City can boast of, being the *Eve* of

Holy

Holy Friday. This Procession is Celebrated by *Torches*, and proceeds in the Order as follows:

Immediately after the *Cross* and *Banner* follow the *Cross-bearers*, those are Men that carry great *Crosses* on their Shoulders fifteen or twenty Foot long; they are very heavy in Appearance, but hollow within; and indeed are nothing but four thin Boards glu'd together; yet, by reason of their Bulk, I believe, they are Troublesome enough to those that bear them; and so they tell us, That these *Cross-Bearers* perform this piece of *Devotion* from a Spirit of *Repentance* and *Penance*; and to imitate our *Saviour* when he carry'd his *Cross* to *Mount Calvary*: There are no less, commonly, than two or three hundred of them, and most have Ropes about their Necks, and great Chains on their Legs, which traile on the Ground after them, and make a hideous Noise, like the jingling of so many *Newgate-Birds*.

In the midst of these *Cross-Bearers*, was carry'd, on a *Pageant*, a Figure of our *Saviour* going up to *Mount Calvary*. After these *Cross-Bearers* follow'd the *Discipliners*, as they call them; these had their Faces cover'd with great Cows, and having their Backs stark Naked, with Whips in their Hands, they cruelly beat themselves, making the Blood run down their Shoulders, in a manner that caus'd horror to Nature. In the midst of these *Whippers* was carry'd a Representation

Representation of the Scourging of our Saviour, tied to a Pillar: After these, several Companies of Soldiers, with their Muskets and Pikes the Points downwards. All the Drums were cover'd with Black Cloth, and beating a doleful Sound.

After the Soldiers, follow'd a living Figure of our Saviour, which was a Young Man dress'd in a large Purple Robe, with a Crown of Thorns on his Head, and bearing a great Cross on his Shoulders. He had round about him several Youths Habited like Jews, who put themselves into a Hundred Ridiculous Postures, and made Faces at him after such a manner, as forced the Spectators to Laugh at a Sight, which ought to have melted their Hearts into Sorrow and Compunction; neither was this a strange thing amongst them, their *Holy Representations* being very seldom exempt from some *Notorious Prophanation*: There was no Kneeling to this Figure, because it was a Live one.

This Figure was followed by all the Confraternities of the *Tradesmen* of the City, which were very Numerous; they march'd Two and Two, with Wax-Tapers in their Hands: And after them follow'd another Figure of our Saviour laid in his *Sepulcher*. As soon as this came by, tho' it were made of Wood, all that stood in the Street fell down on their Knees and Worship'd it, beating their Breasts after so violent

a manner, as if they had been given to over-Eat themselves, and were particularly enjoyn'd, by way of Pennance, to bang their Stomachs for the Sin of Gluttony. About this Figure there march'd a Company of Women all in Mourning, who held their Handkerchiefs before their Eyes, as if they had Wept.

Next to these Women follow'd the Priests, and after them a Statue of the *Blessed Virgin*, having her Heart pierced with seven great Swords, that stuck fast in it; they commonly call this, *Our Lady of Pity*; and where-ever it pass'd, they paid it the same *Prostrations* and *Adorations*, as to the Statue of our *Saviour*: A great throng of People, last of all, concluded the Procession.

I could not but reflect on these *Cross-bearers* and *Discipliners*, who externally seem'd to be Persons animated by a Spirit of Devotion and Mortification; but I found that most of them are engaged to do it for Interest sake, being paid for lashing of themselves upon these Publick occasions, as the *Irish Mourners* at a Funeral, are for howling. Among the Priests and Monks there are very few Scourgers at their Processions, and yet they take a Pride, and are very well pleased to see others lash themselves, but not so much as one of them will be an Example of it; oh, no, their Skins are too tender; and these

these *Whippers* and *Cross-bearers*, for the most part, drink themselves to a good pitch, before they begin their Penance.

From *Milan* we parted for *Marignam* in *Lombardy*, Ten Miles distant, where we Dined, all which was extremely pleasant; the high Road being as strait as one can imagine, on both sides ran Channels of Water, Trees being planted all along on the Banks of these Aquaducts, to render 'em the more delightful, and in the Fields there was *Corn*, *Wine*, *Fruits*, and *Meadows*; we lay that Night at *Cremona*, which is under the Segniory of *Venice*.

From thence we went for *Brescia*, which may be called the *Venetians Magazine*. Here is a perpetual appearance of War, tho' they live in Peace; every Shop is stor'd with Arms, and their chief Traffick is Swords, Muskets, and other Military Engines. In some of the Streets there are Porches, whereby they may walk Dry in Rainy Weather. In the *Dome*, or *Cathedral*, is kept a Sky-colour'd *Cross*, which they hold to be the same which appeared to *Constantine*.

From *Brescia* we went to *Verona*, on which Name there is a Vulgar Criticism, that it is be Syllabliz'd, it comprehends the first Letters of the three Head Cities of *Italy*, *Ve Venetia*, *Ro-Roma*, *Na-Napoli*; Others leave the Verbal Derivation, and more strictly interpret it,

that whatsoever is contain'd in those three Cities, may be found in *Verona*. Her Wealth may be compared to that of *Venice*; her Monuments of Antiquity equal to those of *Rome*; neither is the delightful Situation Inferiour to that of *Naples*.

The City stands one part on the side, the other at the foot of a Hill, behind which is a continuation of huge Mountains; before one side lies a Rich and Pleasant Valley; before the other, a stony Champion, or downy Country, wherein *Marius* gave a total overthrow to the *Cimbrians*. The River *Atthesis* divided the City in the midst. Thus Nature hath adorned her; nor hath been wanting to improve her Glories; and this one may collect from the mighty remnants of *Roman Magnificence*, that yet stand within her Walls. I say, with *Martial*,

Unam pro cunctis fama loquatur, opus,

of the *Amphitheatre* at *Verona*, the most perfect, that is to be seen this Day in Christendom; which Noble Work was spoil'd of all its Ornaments by the *Barbarians* that tack'd *Italy*, yet one may easily Judge that betwixt the Arches and Columns there were Statues. In the Cornuit of its Moles are three Porches one within another, made for the Spectators to go in and
out

out without disturbance to any one. In the midst is the *Arena*, where the Combatants fought in an Oyal form, Four and Thirty Perches long; large, Two and Twenty, environ'd with Forty Two Seats, which lye, *Gradatim*, one above another, still extending to the Top. In the Circles, the bigness of the Marble Stones is so incredible, that one cannot conceive they were Transported thither. The whole Work was perfected by *L. V. Flaminius*, Consul. *Anno Urb. Cond.*

Many other Signs of venerable Antiquity are in *Verona*, as *Arches-Triumphals*, Ruins of *Temples*, *Aquaducts*, *Urns*, and the like. There's one *Arch-Triumphal* particularly Dedicated to *Marius*, for his Victory over the *Cimbrians*. And, altho' the City be not now of so great a compass as *Historians* report it was in the heighth of the *Roman* Empire, yet the *Venetians* have, with great Expence, joyned Bulwarks, and it is Fenced with three Castles, which make it as impregnable Strong as Delightful.

The Buildings of this City are answerable to the *Italian*. The fairest is the *Council House*, upon the Roof whereof stand expos'd unto the open Air, the Statues of *Cornelius Nepos*, *Emilius Marcus*, old *Poets*; *Pliny*, the *Naturalist*; *Vetruvius*, the great Master of *Architect*; all which Men graced their Native City *Verona* with singular

gular Vertues: Besides whom, the Learned Saliger was of that City, for whose sake, and his Family, there is erected, in the Heart of the City, and before the Inn we lay at, a stately Tomb of Marble, encompass'd with Iron-Work, in the fashion of a Ladder, which that Name implies. These things we saw before it grew Dark at *Verona*. The next Morning having renewed our Bargain with the same Coach that brought us thither, to carry us to *Vicenza*; and the next Day we proceeded, and arrived at *Padua*.

Padua was Founded long before *Romulus* suck'd the Wolf; 'tis reported, that *Antenor* flying, with some force, into these Parts, after the destruction of *Troy*, began this Name and City; to confirm this, they yet shew this Noble Hero's Tomb, which is a Marble Chest, supported by two great Marble Pillars, with an Epitaph in old Characters: The Words are these.

C. Inclytus Antenor, *Patriam vox Nisa Qui-*
(*etern,*
Transfudit huc Henetum Dardanidumq; fugas,
Expulit Eugances, Patavinam condidit Urbem,
Quem tegit hic Humili Marcasa Domus.

Not far from this Marble Chest, are some

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Remnants of the Walls that *Antenor* laid; for the City is divided with the Old and New, both encompass'd with strong Bullwarks, upon which are planted rows of Trees, very pleasant to Walk under. 'Tis true, *Padua* doth not abound with Stately Houses, like the other chief Cities in *Italy*; yet those renown'd Disciples of *Asculapius* that are Nourished there, give it this Character, both at Home and Abroad, *Padua the Learned*. It stands in a most delicious and fertile Plain, which produceth great plenty of Necessaries; by reason of which, and the Inhabitants Eminency in the *Practice of Physick*, and the other *Liberal Arts*, this City is no less frequented by Strangers, than *Athens* antiently was; and, indeed, those who have been Students at *Padua*, have reason to Commend the Place: For by the Senate of *Venice's* Institution, under whose Government *Padua* still remains, every Nation, *English, Dutch, &c.* hath a *Consul*, who enjoys many Priviledges; and may lay in Provisions without any Tax.

As this Liberty has induc'd many Foreigners to Settle there, so the ill Government of the Scholars deterrs others from Living amongst 'em. Here, tho' 'tis somewhat strange, you may find *Minerva* joyn'd with *Mars*, for 'tis the Custom for the Scholars to appear in a Warlike Posture, going abroad Arm'd with a pair
of

of Pistols and a Stelletto by their Sides. And Murder is accounted so trivial a Sin amongst them, that if at any time they want a Body for the *Anatomy-Lecture*, they make it a small Business to kill a poor *Fachin*, or *Porter*, to put his Body to that use. Notwithstanding which grosse Abuses, *Padua* is a very worthy University. We slept into the *School*; over the Gate is the Lyon *San Marco*, and this Inscription.

*Sic ingredere ut Leipso, quotidie Doctior,
Sic egredere ut Indiés, Patica Christianaq;
Reipublice utilior evadas. Ita denum,
Gymnasium a se Feliciter Ornatum
Existimabit.*

Within is a square Court, the Building two Stories of Pillars, one over another, and round about in every Corner, the Arms of all such as have been *Consuls* in that University; some in Colours only, others in Colours and Stone, with the Country, Name, and Year, all which is made at the Expence of the *Venetians*, to make this Nursery of Learning Famous.

Above is the *Anatomick Theatre*; a very Neat and Singular Invention; Conimodious both for the Professor and his Spectators. Not far from the *Physick Schools* is the *Hall of Justice*

which consider'd as an upper Room, is the fairest and most spacious in *Christendom*. Some impose more on this Fabrick, than can be discern'd by a common Eye; alledging 'tis placed to the four parts of *Heaven*, so that in the *Equinodial*, the Beams of the *Sun* at 'Rising entring at the *East*-Windows, strikes those at the *West*, and in the *Solstice*, the Rays that come in at the *South*, touch the opposite Window; in a Word, there is no part without some *Astronomical Secret*. The Pictures represent the Influence of the higher Bodies on these below. It is cover'd with Lead, round about goes a Stately Coridon of Marble.

Over every Door is some Remembrance of those Men, who for their Birth have Celebrated *Padua*. Amongst these, is that Immortal Treasurer of History and Eloquence *Livie*, in respect to whose never-fading Memory, there is Erected his *Monument* with an *Epitaph*.

To this *Westminster-Hall* at *Padua*, joins the *Podesta's* Palace. The *Podesta* is he who Represents the *Senate*, and Executes their Power: In most of the Cities, under the State of *Venice* there is one of them. In the Garden of *Padua* are divers Rarities; walking to some of them, I spy'd a good fair *Chappel*, put to no other use than a *Barn*; but asking the Reason, 'twas told me, *It had been a Jesuits Church*; an Argument that

that those Religious Statesmen, are not welcome where the *Venetians* sway the Sword; neither, indeed, hath the Brood of *Loyola* one Colledge in the *Venetian* Cities.

As for the Churches of *Padua*, that of *St. Anthony* deserves the first Place. Before the Door is a Man and Horse of Brass, within is a most spacious *Altar*; under which lies the Body of *St. Anthony*; all about is his Life and Miracles in Figures of Marble, done by the most Famous Masters of those times, or that I think ever were or will be. Hard by is that most Eminent *Convent* of *St. Justin*, the best and stateliest I ever saw. The *Chappel* is an incomparable piece. In the *Cloysters* an *Antiquary* might spend a Years Study; for amongst the Legend Stories design'd on the Walls, they have inserted Hundreds of old Inscriptions, with the Draughts of old Stones, and pieces of Urns, all which were dug up out of the Ground, when the Foundations were first laid. A little further is the *Physick Garden*, filled with Simples, but the *Eugæan Hills* furnish *Padua* more abundantly with Medicinal Herbs. They are in view from *Padua*, and have been always famous for the Medicinal Baths that proceed from them.

During our eight Days stay, a great many *Pilgrims* came hither in their way to the *Jubilee*. They were all of them accouter'd in their *Pil-*

grimage Habits, which consisted of a large Linnen Vest of ash-grey Colour, reaching to the middle of the Leg, with very wide Sleeves coming down to the Wrists: On the backside of these Vests at the Collar, they have a kind of a large Cowl, which they put over their Heads, and being pull'd down reacheth to the Pit of their Stomachs, so that their Faces are wholly cover'd with them: And to the end, that in this Posture they might have their free Sight and Breathing, these Cowls have openings in them answering to the Eyes and Mouth, like Masks. They never draw these Cowls over their Heads, but when they come to places where they have no mind to be known; otherwise they let them hang back upon their Shoulders. They girt this Vest about them with a Girdle, and somewhat above the Girdle, upon the Breast, they have a Scutcheon representing the Arms of their *Society, Confriery* or *Company*: They have moreover a large row of *Pater Noster Beads*, hanging at their Girdles, and a *Pilgrims Staff* in their Hands, which is the chief Mark of their *Pilgrimage*.

These *Staves* are about half a *Pikes* length, with Knots on the top and middle of them: They carry them to the *Church* to get them Bless'd, which Ceremony is perform'd with many Prayers, and the Assistance of Holy Water. As soon as they have receiv'd them, it is not Lawful
for

for them to stay any longer than three Days at the Place of their Residence, and cannot be admitted to the Communion till they have performed their *Pilgrimage*, except they are pleased to change their Vow into a *Pecuniary Mult*, or in that case they are very readily discharg'd by the *Priests*: As soon as they were come near to the great *Church*, the *Priest* came to meet them with the *Cross* and *Banner*, by way of Reception, and bidding them Welcome, made a short Speech to them; to which the Superiour return'd an Answer. After which they entered into the *Church*, where they made some short Prayers, and then dispers'd themselves to the best Inns in the City, whither Orders was sent over Night to provide them a good Dinner.

It was about ten a Clock in the Morning when these *Pilgrims* arrived, and near half an Hour after they were follow'd by about twenty Calashes full of Ladies; these were *She Pilgrims*, who were all of them (as I understood) either Kinswoman or Mistresses to the said *Pilgrim* Gentlemen. They were Richly dress'd, and with an Air of *Wantonness* and *Gaiety*, that very ill became Persons who went a *Pilgrimageing*, out of Devotion. They had little *Pilgrimage Staves*, fasten'd to the Bodies of their Gowns; some of them of Gold, others of Ivory, all beset with costly Pearls and Diamonds. The *Pilgrims* had no sooner taken Possession of their Inns, and given

Orders to have all things in a readiness, but they went forth to meet their Ladies; and having bid them Welcome, they conducted them, with a great deal of Honour and Ceremony, into an Apartment prepared for them.

My Curiosity to observe these things, prompted me to return to my Inn; and finding that the Gentlemen wanted a Chamber more, to accommodate them, I offered them mine, and in recompence thereof, they very civilly intreated me to Dine with them. The Table was covered with many Dishes, and all Dinner time their Discourse was nothing but a continual Railery upon their Ladies *Pilgrim-Staves*: It was not any Pinching or Hitting Railery, but only consisted of some partial Allusion, full of Wit, which these *Italians* knew would be well pleasing to their Ladies. As soon as Dinner was done, every one of them put themselves in order to prosecute their Journey. The *Pilgrims* mounted on their Asses, and the Ladies into their Calashes.

Being willing to see further into the Conversation of these People, I hired a Mule to go along with them, they being bound for *Rome*, as well as I; only with this difference, their *Pilgrimages* thither were out of Devotion, and mine out of Curiosity: And therefore joyning my self with a Citizen, a very Honest Man, we follow'd this Troop of *Pilgrims* at some distance, for we could

not joyn with them because we had no *Pilgrims Habits*: I demanded of the *Italian*, why those Gentlemen who were all Persons of Quality, and who probably kept Coaches and Horses, did make use of these Asses in their Journey: He told me, that some made use of them out of a Frolick, and to make themselves *Mirth* on the Road; others by way of Humility, and to obtain more Merit: And moreover, that these Asses by carrying so many Devote Persons to *Loretta* and *Rome* had obtained a very particular Blessing; which was, that never any Mischance should happen to those that Rid on them. By this discourse I began to perceive that my Honest Companion believ'd these Asses also to be Miraculous. He told me, That some *Algier Pyrates* having once made a Descent into the Province of *Ancona*, could not with all their Endeavours overtake a Company of Travellers, that were mounted on these Holy Asses, tho' they pursued them very close; and that, having Fired very thick at them, they neither Killed nor Wounded any of the Company.

As we rid on thus Discoursing, we ever and anon cast our Eyes towards the *Pilgrims* that were before us, and found they made it their only Business on the Road, to Divert the Ladies that rid in the Calashes; some of them crossing the Way before them, strove to put themselves into Comical Postures, to make them Laugh,

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others fell from their Asses on purpose: And, in a Word, their Behaviour all along the Road, was nothing but Mirth and Comedies.

The next remarkable Place we came to was *Venice*, where, whilst the *Pilgrims* were paying their Devotions to the Shrines of the Saints, I made it my Business to take a view of the City.

From *Padua* to *Venice*, because of shortning our Passage, we went by Water, it being but one easie Days Journey.

Venetia is a Word never heard of in former Days, the Original of this Name being not above thirteen Centuries of Years since; yet Historians generally report, That at the decay of the *Roman Empire*, when the Invasion of the *Huns*, and other Barbarous Nations, overspread *Italy*, some provident Fishermen began to build Cottages in those scatter'd Islands; and in process of Time, others, for their better security, retired thither: From this poor and low Beginning, is the City grown to that height, that all, deservedly, call her *Venice the Rich*.

This Mirrour of *State* and *Policy*, as she was Born about the Death of Old *Rome*, so she seems to be Hereditary Possessor of that which maintain'd *Rome* in her Sovereign Glory? The Magnificent Genius of the People, the Gravity
of

of the Senate, and the Solidity of their Laws, are very consonant with those of Rome.

Venice hath this Property above all other States, *That she is a Virgin* (a Commodity rarely found within herself) and more, from her Infancy, *Christian*; having never, yet fell from her Principles, either in Government or Religion; but still valiantly defended her Liberty against the insulting *Mahomet*.

Besides the Wise and Judicious Potentates that strengthen this Common-Wealth, Nature hath Fortified her with a strange and unusual Situation, *Media Superabilis Unda*.

Environ'd with her Embracing *Neptune*, to whom she Marries herself with Yearly Nuptials, by the Ceremony of throwing a Ring into the Sea.

If some casual Necessity did not constrain Men to build *Venice*, I could never conceive how such stately Palaces, how so compacted a City, should stand in the midst of the Sea. The Particularities whereof are these,

I may begin with the Piazza *San Marco*, the Center, whether an infinite Number of Persons, from divers parts of the World, in divers Habits constantly attend. The Platform whereof somewhat resembles a Carpenters Square. The Uniformity in the Buildings, and other Embellishments, speaking it the fairest in *Italy*, I think I may say in *Christendom*. At

At the End, just before *San Marco's Church*, are three Standards, with Pedestals of Brass, very exquisite Work; on the Right from these, is the Clock-House, adorn'd with the Signs of the Heavens, as the Sun, Moon, and Stars, and the Monthly Entrance into them; and two Statues of Brass that strike.

Saint Mark's Church is not so Admirable for Largeness, as for the Rareness of the Design, and precious Materials it is compos'd of. The whole *Facade*, or *Frontispiece*, is beset with Pillars of *Serpentine* and *Porphyre*. Towards the top, stand four Horses of Brass, most worthy Trophies, taken, as some say, by *Stratagem*, out of *Constantinople*, and first stood in an Arch-Triumphal at *Rome*.

Amongst the Imagery-Work in this Church, there stands a Woman stroking a Dog: The *Venetian Annals* mention the Story of a Senators Daughter, who (her Father altogether depriving her of the Society of Men) had a Prodigious Birth by that over-familiar Play-Fellow, with whom she is here Represented, to eternize her Shame.

For the inward part of this Temple, it is a little Obscure, yet most richly Lin'd with Marble, after the manner of *Wainscote*, and the whole Top covered with lively Pieces of *Mosaic*-
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ick-Work; an Art lost, or unknown in these Parts, and highly valued there.

Near that Church Gate that looks into the Sea, is a little Chappel, and therein is an ill-hew'd Image of the Lady, as their Tradition goes, made out of the same Rock which *Moses* struck when the Water Miraculously gush'd forth; and to make good this Story, they shew three little holes, out of which the Fountain came forth. Some Probability there may be of this: An old *Latin* Inscription confirms it in these Words.

*Aqua qua prius ex Petra Miraculose fluxet,
Oratione Prophetæ Moysis, Producta est,
Hunc autem hec Michaelis Studio Labitur
Quem servas Christe et Conjugem Irenem.*

The Construction is dubious, the Lines are *Verbatim*, as there I found them.

In this same Church is kept with great Reverence, the Body of the Cities Protector, Saint Mark, whose winged Lyon, with the Motto, *Pax tu tibi Marce, Evangelista meus*, is the Banner and Arms of this Common-Wealth: In Honour of this Saint, here is likewise preserved a most inestimable Treasure.

To this Cathedral Church joins the Dukes Palace, wholly of Marble, with a Noble Arcade of three

three and thirty Pillars, under which 'tis a most comely Sight to see the *Venetians* in their Long Gowns, daily Consulting of State Affairs; it being their Custom to meet there upon such Business.

Just against the great Gate, at the top of the Steps, stand two *Collofies*, the one of *Mars* the other of *Neptune*; the Work of Famous *Sanfovinius*.

Opposite to the Stairs, is a Facade of Statues, both *Antient* and *Modern*.

Above is a most Royal Corridon, wherein are divers *Tribunals*, or *Courts of Justice*; and higher are most Gallant Ascents into the *Senate-House* and other *Sumptuous Halls*.

Below in the Court, in going out, I observed the Mouths of two Wells in Brass, of very singular Art. On the other side of the place is the *Zecca*, where they Coin Money, and the *Procuratorio*; on the Top of this Structure stand twenty five Statues.

This is what is to be Noted within, and about the *Piazza San Marco*: Yet before I leave it, 'tis worth the Pains to get up *Saint Marks* Steeple, which stands by it self, Eighty Foot distant from the *Church*. From thence one may discern how the City lies Compacted of many Islands, separated by Channels, join'd by Bridges, the Number of which are four hundred and fifty,

and

and the greater part of Stone. The fairest and most remarkable is the Bridge of *Rialto*, which, tho' but of one Arch, yet for the height, length and breadth, hath no where a Parallel. Upon it stand twelve Shops on each side, cover'd all alike with Lead, and behind Magnificent *Balustrades*. This Bridge passeth over the *Canal Grande*, along which are the most Stately Houses in *Venice*.

It is a most Curious Sight to behold the *Corso* in this Channel, their Feasts towards the Evening, to see the *Venetians Ladies* Habited like *Nymphs*, and their *Gondolas*, like so many *Dolphins*, running a Race. These *Gondola's* are Boats, which, because of the little use of walking on Foot, are always carrying Passengers one way or the other. Every Noble *Venetian* keeps one of these Sea Coaches for his Family; and others there are to be hired by any Man for Money, very Genteel and Commodious.

One may easily conjecture how Populous *Venice* is, by the Number of *Gondolas*, which are forty thousand; so that in case of necessity, the Boatmen would make a considerable Army. And now I am on the Water, before I set foot to Land, I may visit some of the Neighbouring Islands, and first *Murono*, a Mile distant from *Venice*.

Here continually (excepting *August* and *September*) are Furnaces to make Glasses, which
for:

for variety of the Work, and the Chrystal Substance, exceeds all others in the World, and are Transported to all Parts; from which Merchandize *Venice* draws infinite sums of Money from other Countries.

In returning we step'd into the *Arsenal*, the Magazine, and Store-House of War, *Mars* his Ware-House. In this Place the Republick have all Ammunition for Sea and Land, and Instruments of Offence and Defence, and all preparations for Shipping so ready, that 'tis said, they can raise a Galley in twenty four Hours; and tho' their late War with the *Turks* had much impoverished their *Arsenal*, yet the Daily labours of their Artisans still restore it.

The next Day we went to the *Greek* Church, where their *Service* is perform'd in their own Tongue: There was a great Congregation, who us'd more *Ceremonies*, but less *Superstition*, than the Church of *Rome*; they call the *Greeks*, but *Schismaticks* only, because they differ not much, in exterior Rites, from them; but will not acknowledge the *Pope* to be the Head of the Church.

Neither have the *Oriental* Christians alone this Liberty at *Venice*, but *Loyola's* Sons being call'd thence, the Inquisition reacheth not so far as Strangers, which made us, *Hereticks*, as they call us, think we were come out of the

Land

Land of Bondage, to a more secure Country.

From thence we went to *San Giovanni Paulo*, more in Devotion to the Living Ladies, than to the Dead Images there Worship'd. This Place is much frequented by the *Venetian* Women, which gives me occasion to speak of their common Habits, or Fashions.

The Citizens, Rich and Poor, follow all the same Mode, viz. A long black Gown, with wide Sleeves, and a kind of Skirt to throw over one Shoulder, the Collar always open.

The Ladies have found out a Device very different from all other *European* Dresses; they wear their own, or counterfeit Hair, below their Shoulders, Trim'd with Gems and Flowers, their Coats half too long for their Bodies; being mounted upon their *Chippeens* (which are as high as a Mans Leg) they walk between two Hand-Maids, Majestickly deliberating on every Step.

This Fashion was invented, and appropriated to the Noble *Venetians* Wives, who are generally Beautiful, and much given to Vertue, to distinguish them from the *Courtezans*, who go cover'd with a Veil of white Taffety. These Fashions, because not so variable as ours, I have here inserted.

Their common Prostitutes have a great sense of Honour, above Women in other Parts, under

der the same Circumstances of Contempt: For Hire them for what Time you please, they will prove both Constant and Obliging, during the Term contracted for; and they are so very Honest, that you may trust any thing in their Power, without the least danger of *Theft, Fraud, or Circumvention*: But if they discover their Keeper has any familiarity with another Woman, during the Time of his Agreement, he must have a care of himself, for they'll not stick at any Murder to gratifie their Revenge.

As concerning the Trade of this City, she is, without doubt, the Mistress of all others, that makes the Rise or Fall of the Exchange at her Pleasure: And this I imagine proceeds from the Number of *Jews* that harbour'd there, and enjoy the Priviledge of a *Synagogue*, for every Nation; so that, in their *Gueta*, they have Nine several ones, yet wear they a Badge of Distinction, viz. a *Scarlet Hat*. The Shops at *Venice* are most richly Furnish'd with *Eastern Merchandize*, as *Sattens, Damasks, Cloths of Gold*, and costly *Drugs*.

To pass now from their *Secular* to *Religious* Affaires; I must declare, I no where met with *Priests* of more *Debauch'd Lives*, than in that City. I was acquainted with a *Regular Canon* of the Abby of *St. Saviour*, who was a young Man, of considerable Learning: This Man kept
the

the most Infamous Whore that was in the whole City, and who commonly serv'd for a Model to the *Limners* of the *Academy*. It was not above a Year that he had commerce with her; and his *Abbot* gave him leave every Evening, when he would, to dress himself in Masquerade, and to go to her Lodging, and lead her thence to the Play, after which he would bring her to his Chamber in the *Monastery*, or lye with her at her own Lodging: As long as the Matter was kept secret, the *Abbot* let the Young *Monk* have his swinge, without giving him the least Check or reproof; but however he had not the good Fortune to be conceal'd long from the Vulgars Observation; upon whose Complaint, he lost his Place, and was turn'd out to shift in the Country. Which brings into my mind a saying of an Ingenious Gentleman, That the loose Women of *Venice*, and indeed all over *Italy*, account themselves happy to be taken into a *Priests* Favour; and that 'twas a common Proverb, *The Wench of the Priest or Monk, can never want any thing.*

I happen'd in the Evening, for the Benefit of the fresh Air, to be Walking at the Skirts of the Town, by the Water-side, where the Clouds, in contempt of my fine Cloathing, Piss'd such a plentiful Shower upon my best Apparel, that I was almost Wet to the Skin before I could gain shelter; which at last was under the Eves of a
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little odd Tenement, tho' very pleasantly Situated. I had not taken Sanctuary against the Rain above a Minute, but I heard a Casement open over my Head, which occasion'd me to look up, where I saw a very Beautiful and Youthful Face peeping down upon me, like the Sun from *Heaven*, as if she was willing to Comfort me with the warm Influence of her bright Eyes, and was somewhat inclined to pity my dripping Condition, and afford me some better Refuge against the Severity of the Weather.

Having this Encouragment from her kind Looks, I put on a bold Face, Complemented her Beauty in *French*, and beg'd her to have a little Mercy upon a Drown'd Rat, who would be glad to creep into any Hole to escape the Fury of so violent a Storm. She made me no Answer, but shutting the Window, descended immediately to the Door, and with an Inviting Beck, like a Charitable good Creature, kindly gave me Admittance into a little *Parlour*, where she order'd a good Fire to be made by a Female Servant, which was all her Attendance. I knew not yet on what Footing I stood, but thought my self oblig'd to express all the Thanks imaginable for so great a Civility; and also to excuse my self for asking so serviceable a favour after so rude a manner. The young Lady made me a suitable return, entertain'd me with all the Complaisance and

and good Humour'd Freedom that a Stranger could expect to find in the most Facetious of her Sex: Till at last I took the Boldness to ask her whether she was a Married Lady, or a Maid, at which unhappy Question her pretty Face was Dy'd with Blushes of a *Scarlet Colour*, and turning her sweet Countenance from me, like a *Blooming Flower* from a Storm of Wind, she answer'd me, *She was neither*: Her unexpected answer so Dumb-founded me, that I could neither think nor speak, but look'd as a *Priest* in *Denmark* that was just going to be Calstrated; yet recollecting my self, thought notwithstanding her Youth, it was possible she might be a *Widow*, but did not dare to ask her that Question fearing she should prove a *Curtezan*, I should Affront her by being too Inquisitive, so I made a short turn of the Discourse, and enter'd upon other Matters.

The Lady finding me to be a Stranger, and a Traveller, was, I found, unwilling I should harbour a better Opinion of her than she really deserv'd; and after we had talk'd our selves into a little farther Familiarity, she began, of her own accord, to Acquaint me with her Circumstances, telling me, *She was the Illegitimate Daughter of a French Count; That she was Born in Provence, and had been Religiously trained up in a Popish Seminary, till about*
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the Age of Thirteen, at which Years she was sent to the Monastery of St. Katherines, where, in a little Time, they impos'd a Religious Obligation upon her, and made her a profess'd Nun; she having resolv'd, as much as a weak Virgin was able, to Conform to all the Observances of a Holy Life, but that she had not been enter'd into this Course of Life full two Years, but a wicked Cordelier, who was her Father Confessor, by his loose and subtle Insinuations, Debauch'd her Principles; and being at last Detected to be an ill Man, was Excommunicated for his Infamy, and turn'd out of the Monastery; but pretending abundance of Love, deluded her, contrary to her Vows, to have some kind Thoughts for him, which he took the Advantage of, and convey'd her, by a Stratagem, out of the Monastery, Absolv'd her of all her Religious Obligations, and, in Disguise, fled with her to this City, from whence (after he had Clcy'd himself with her most endearing Favours) he departed privately, and left her here behind him, to expose herself to the Infamy of a Loose and Scandalous Life, to keep herself from Starving. But soon after he was gone, a Venetian Face-Painter, taking an extraordinary Liking to her Person, gave her, till of late, a very Comfortable Subsistence, but being a Young

Young Man was now Travel'd Abroad, to improve himself in his Art; leaving her that little Habitation, Furnish'd as I saw, to improve, by her own Management, into a Maintenance. Madam, said I, I am greatly Oblig'd to you for the Freedom you have taken with me, as well as for your other Civilities, and am very glad I have so Accidentally happen'd into the Conversation of so pretty a Lady, whom, I conceive, by what you have said, to be a kind Friend to such Persons of our Sex, as you shall think deserving of your Favours.

I must confess, Sir, reply'd the Lady, my Circumstances do oblige to do as you imagine; for indeed I have nothing but the Love, or Pity of such Generous Gentlemen as your self, to Skreen me from the Miseries of a sad Necessity, so that I think my self oblig'd to submit to any thing in a Natural Way, that can contribute to the Satisfaction of such as profess a Liking, or Respect for me.

I could not but imagine this Freedom, at first Sight, was us'd as a Means to stir up such Vicious Inclinations in me, as might Terminate to the Ladies Advantage; but, I thank my Stars, I wanted not such Government of my self, as to Master my Concupiscence, and resist the powerful Temptation; so that as soon as the Rain was over, and my Cloaths were dry

dry, I pretended extraordinary Business, the same Evening, with a Merchant; but put her upon an Expectancy of seeing me on the Morrow; beg'd her Pardon for so short a stay, (for my own Turn was serv'd) which at present I could not avoid, without great Injury to others as well as my self; tipt the Servant a handsome Gratuity for her Trouble; so took a respectful Leave of my fair Lady, and happily steer'd clear of these Expensive, as well as Sinful Inconveniencies, which I found she was endeavouring to draw me into.

This being the Holy Year, every where Processions were plenty, as I have already Noted, and therefore shall give you an Account of one I saw at *Venice*, by the *Dominicans*, who, every first *Sunday* in the Month, make a Procession to the *Rosary*, which was ordered in this Manner.

Next after the *Cross* and *Banner*, went about two or three Hundred Children, Drest like Angels, and others like He and She Saints; amongst whom they did not forget to place a good Number of little *St. John Baptists*: These were followed by thirty or forty Young Women, representing so many Saints of their Sex. One of them Saint *Apollina*, and to distinguish her from the rest, she carry'd in her Hand a *Bason Gilt*, and Enamel'd, in which there

there were Teeth; another represented Saint *Lucia*, and carry'd in a Bason two Eyes; a third, Saint *Agnes*, who carry'd in her Arms a living Lamb; and so of the rest, every one being Distinguish'd. There were some of them prepared on purpose to make People Laugh; and, above all the rest, a Saint *Genevive*, who had a lighted wax Taper in one Hand, and in the other a Book, wherein she read, or at least made shew of so doing; and round about her were seven or eight young Boys, Drest like Devils, all over as Black as a Coal, with very Ridiculous Countenances, great long Tails, and great Horns on their Heads (much like those Devils about *Don John* in the *Libertine*) these skipped about the Saint, and made a thousand ill favour'd Postures, Apes Tricks and Faces, to endeavour to divert her from reading her *Breviary*, by making her Laugh: The Maiden who acted this Saint, had been chosen by them on purpose, being Melancholy, and accordingly Acted her part very well. She always kept her Eyes fixed on her Book, without the least smile, tho' the Spectators could not contain themselves from bursting into a loud Laughter, to see the Postures those little Devils put themselves into, and who were certainly most Impudent and Pickled Youths; for sometimes they made a shew of taking up her Coats. This Saint was

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followed

followed by another, as fit to make the People Laugh as the former; she was a *St. Catherine of Sienna*, who had by her side a pretty little Boy, with a *Broom* in one hand, and a pair of *Bellows* in the other, for they say that this Saint (who was a Religious Person of the *Dominican Order*) had so great a Familiarity with the Child *Jesus*, that the *Divine Infant*, to ease her when she was weary, frequently came to sweep her Chamber, and kindle her Fire, doing the Servile Offices of a *Lacquy* to oblige the good Woman, as they have the Impudence to assert.

After these She-Saints came all those whom they call Figures, comprehending such Holy Women, who, according to them, did represent the *Virgin Mary* in the Old Testament; they were carried upon Mens Shoulders. Amongst the rest there was *Jael* to be seen in her Tent, with *Sifera* lying at her Feet, who was a Beautiful Youth, drest in the Garb of a *Warrior*; and she hath a great Nail and Hammer, and making shew as if she had been ready to pierce his Temples.

After this Figure came a *Dalilah*, sitting in an Elbow-Chair, with a Youth between her Knees; She had a pair of Scissars in her Hand, as if she had been about to cut off his Locks.

And then appeareth *Judith*: This was a fine Figure indeed; for on the Frame where she was

were above twenty Persons, it being the Representation of *Judith's* return to *Bethulia* in Triumph with *Holofernes's* Head, when the *Priests* and *People* came out to meet and sing a Song in Praise of her. This *Judith* was one of the most Beautiful Young Women in *Italy*, and very Lasciviously drest; round about her (upon the same Frame or Pageant) they had placed several Excellent Musicians, who Sung most Ravishing Stanza's in Honour of her.

The following Pageant, as if they had a mind to oppose Deformity to Beauty, supported a good old Woman, without any Teeth in her Head, and very Deformed; who muttered something within her Gums, and represented *Hannab*, the Mother of *Samuel*. I was astonished to see a Woman of her Age trust herself on a Pageant.

She was followed by many more Pageants, which were in all Eighteen, with their different Figures, but I shall not insist upon a particular Description of every one of 'em, lest I should be too tedious, but shall only add, that the last was the Richest of all these Figures, and the Person Typified, viz. The *Blessed Virgin*, who was represented by a very homely Maid, richly drest, with a Royal Robe. She had a great *Rosary*, or *Bead-row* in her left Hand, and in her right Hand a *Scepter*; she had a rich *Crown* upon her Head, set thick with Pearls and Diamonds. The

People of Quality take it to be a Meritorious piece of Service to accommodate the Saints of both Sexes with their richest Jewels, tho' God knows there is no more Merit in't than by Decking a *Milk Pail*.

I observ'd, that when this young Woman, who represented the *Blessed Virgin*, pass'd by, no Body stirr'd their Hats, no Body bowed themselves, or fell down to Worship her, or call upon her; but a little time after, when the Wooden Image of the *Virgin* came by (which is the same that stands on the *Altar* of the *Chappel* of the *Rosary* of the *Dominicans* of *Castello*) all the People fell down on their Knees, and beating their Breasts, call'd her *Mother of God*, and Prayed to her: They made her, at certain distances, to bestow her *Salutations* and *Benedictions* upon the People, who received them, with a great deal of acknowledgment, as a very great Favour.

Having apply'd my Mind to find out the Reason why *Papists* do not pay their Worship to Living Figures, tho', indeed, they represent the *Virgin* more Naturally than a piece of Stone or Wood can do; and yet are so earnest in the Adoration of their Statues: After having spent some Thoughts upon it, I could not light upon any other Reason than this, That Humane Nature having a kind of Horror impress'd upon it, for rend'ring to the Creature a Worship that

is due to the Creator only, all living Figures (and especially those of Men and Women) do more fully discover to the Sense, their weak dependent Creatural Being, than Inanimate Creatures do, in which they suppose there is some secret and adherent Virtue; tho', to speak the Truth, there is no other in it, than the highest pitch of Folly, Madness, and Idolatry. In fine, the Procession concluded with about an Hundred *Dominicans* following the Figure.

Here I cannot omit a Sermon I heard by a Father *Carmelite*, in the Parish of *St. Sophia*, concerning *Purgatory*, who having made a Sign with his Hand, to oblige his Auditory to Silence, and List'ning attentively, as if he had Heard some thing, he at length ask'd them, *Whether they did not hear a kind of different Noise, as of Voices at a distance?* Afterwards lending his Ear a second time, he told them *That he beard the Souls in Purgatory calling upon them not to spare their Charities, but to relieve them with a liberal Contribution.* Corrupting a Text in the *Revelations*, I beard, *under the Altar, the Souls of those that were slain, Crying, Avenge our Blood, O God* And he chang'd most of the Words, to accommodate them to his purpose, saying, *I beard the Souls in Purgatory cry under the Altar, refresh and cool our Blood, our dear Brethren.*

I took this variation of the Preacher, for an excellent Figure of *Rhetorick*, called *Filio*; but I am sure that many there did not take it in my Sense, but did really believe, that the Preacher had indeed heard *the Souls in Purgatory crying under the Altar*; a sure sign of which was, that many rose up from their Seats that way: For my part, had it been the first Day of *April*, I should have thought he had a design of making them Fools for that Day, but they have the better on it, for they make them so all their Lives. The Sermon being ended, the Preacher comes down out of the Pulpit, and is lead into the Sextry, where the Purfes are brought, and there they are opened in his Presence, and his Share, or Devidend counted out to him, resembling much, I fancy'd, Hawks, or Hunting-Dogs, to whom always a Portion is given of the Prey they have taken.

There is never a Church or Chappel in *Venice*, nor indeed in all *Italy*, which has not some large Picture, or Carv'd Work in it, representing *Purgatory*; the Souls that are there are Painted in the resemblance of Naked Young Men and Women, with some Flames surrounding them; these Flames, indeed are harmless enough, because they burn not; but I fear those infamous Naked Figures kindle very dangerous Flames in the Hearts of many Spectators

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While I was here, I saw a poor Criminal led to Punishment, to be Hang'd, and I thought the Practice was very horrible, he had two *Priests* with him by his side, who held a Picture of *Purgatory* before his Eyes; and went up the Ladder or Scaffold with him, still holding the Picture before him, till Execution be done, and talking to him of nothing else. Is not this indeed to double the Fright and Terror of these poor Wretches, who are but too much terrify'd already with the Death they see prepared for them? The same thing they Practice to those that lye a Dying; they place a Picture of *Purgatory* at the Feet of their Bed, between two Lighted-Wax-Candles, to make it appear with more Lustre, and the Patient is exhorted to keep his Eyes upon it. Some are feign to intreat them to speak to them of the Goodness and Mercy of God, because they are already sufficiently terrify'd with his Justice. But for the most part, they do but knock at a Dead Mans door; for the Priests are so Wedded to their Songs of *Purgatory*, that if they chance to make a small digression, they presently fall again into their old Track.

The Power of the Souls in *Purgatory* is conceiv'd to be of that Extent, that by the means of the *Priests Masses*, they can obtain even Unlawful things at the hand of God. The *Priests* and

Monks agree admirably well in this Doctrine, but in sharing the Money assign'd for the Prayers, they are all of them together by the Ears; and 'tis neither better nor worse than Catch as Catch can. The Wifest sort of *Italians*, who have Sense enough to know the Juggle of this part of their Religion, are very favourable to excuse them, *What would you have them to do?* (say they) *They are a Company of Poor Priests, that Live by their Masses, and have nothing else to help themselves with; when that fail them, all fails them; and therefore they have reason to exert their utmost Policy to support this Nation among the People of Relieving, by their Masses, the Souls of the Deceased from a Miserable Confinement; Prayers for the Dead, being the most advantageous part of Devotion that succours the Poor Clergy.*

This is the chief of what I observ'd in a Fortnights Residence at *Venice*.

Only one Remarkable Story which was told me by a *Franciscan* Fryar, ad warranted for Truth of his own Knowledge, (tho', I must confess, I can scarce Credit any thing that seems Improbable from the Mouth of a *Romish Priest*) knowing they are too apt, in all Company, to exercise their Profitable Talent of Imposing false Stories, by which means they make Trials of Peoples Faith, and know the better how to deal with

with them in matters of Religion; however, as the Story is strange, and may be true, tho', if it be, it is Miraculous, I shall deliver it as I heard it, without any Variation.

The Fryar and I happening to see a cluster of Jews Talking very busily together, fell into a serious Talk concerning their Infidelity, which gave me an occasion to wonder that the *Christian Religion*, in so long a Process of time, had not, as yet, prevail'd upon so stubborn a People as to Convince them of their Ignorance, and bring them over to the Christian Faith; upon which the *Franciscan* Introduc'd the following Story, to show the Miraculous Conversion of a *Jewish Woman*, after she had many Years persisted in her Error, tho' she had comply'd so far as to Marry a Christian Husband.

An Italian Gentleman, says he, Named, Signior Nicholo Alphonso Bacara, who Liv'd at Mantua; a Man Eminent for his large Possessions, compleat in Person, and equally Happy in all Generous Quallifications, happen'd to fall in Love with a Jewish Woman, of mean Fortune and Extract, tho' a great Linguist, and of admirable Wit and Beauty.

He prudently foreseeing the Scandal that must needs attend the Disparity of such a Match, us'd all imaginable Endeavours to conquer his unhappy Passion; but finding, like a

Fly in a Spiders Web, the more he Struggled the more he was Entangled; he at last conceiving his Distemper would admit of no other Remedy, resolv'd to apply himself to the fair Basilisk, from whose bright Eyes his tortur'd Breast had deriv'd its Poison, accordingly acquainted her with the unextinguishable Affection he had for her dear Person; telling her, Tho' she could not but be sensible of the vast Disparity there was in their Fortunes. yet, if she would become a Convert to the Christian Religion, he should esteem it the highest Happiness upon Earth, to make her not only a Christian, but next his Wife,

The prudent Maid receiv'd his Addresses with an answerable Respect; but withal, told him, That she could not depart from the Jewish Religion, to be the Greatest Woman upon Earth, nor would her Parents suffer her to Marry with a Christian, tho' never so Superiour, upon the best Terms and Conditions that could possibly be offer'd.

He then applied himself to the Father, who in a great Rage, shew'd the utmost Aversion that could possibly be exprest by the most stubborn Infidel. Finding all his Attacks hitherto to no purpose; and that he had no possibility of subduing the unruly Tyrant in his Breast, without the assistance of his Beloved Object,

he resolv'd upon new Proposals, to try if, by his following Condescension, he could bring her to a Compliance, which was this, That she should have the liberty of her own Religion, and that in case they should be Blest with Children, that she should have the liberty to Educate the Girls in the Jewish Religion, and that he would Educate the Boys in the Christian Faith. Notwithstanding the Conditions were thus reasonable, yet they were rejected by the Father, with as much Vehemency as the former. But, however, the Daughter being Youthful, and having a good Liking to the Gentlemans Person, as well as his Fortune, began to be a little touch'd with the same Distemper, that her Lover had so much Complain'd of, and wisely taking the Matter into her partial Consideration, was soon prevail'd upon by her own Opinion, to comply with the kind Terms her Lover had propos'd, without the knowledge of her Father, to the Gentlemans unexpressible Joy, as well as her own Satisfaction; so that in a little Time after, by the assistance of a Priest, their happy Nuptials were, with all privacy, Consumated, which could not be kept long Secret, but quickly broke out, to the Amazement of all the Christians, and Destruction of all the Jews in Mantua, who were abominably vext, that so Beautiful a Prize

Prize should be Stoll'n by a Christian, from amongst their Swarthy Tribes.

Tho' their Friends, on both sides, were much dissatisfied with their preposterous Match, yet they Lived together with all the Amity and Comfort that a Married Couple could probably expect, never jarring or contending about their opposite Religions, but each enjoy'd the Liberty of their own Conscience, without any cavel or interruption: But Heaven (by whose peculiar Direction, we have reason to believe, these two Persons of such repugnant Principles, were united in Marriage) took this Opportunity of Manifesting to the Jews, the Truth and Purity of the Christian Religion: For as all the Female Children they should have between them, were to be at the Ladies disposal, who had reserved that Priviledge to herself of Educating the Girls to Gods Dishonour, in the Jewish Infidelity; who, to show his Displeasure at her Ignorant Presumption, and as a means to convince her of her Error, sent them ten Boys successively, without one Girl between them, which was look'd upon by the Gentleman as such a Remarkable Blessing, that by the Arguments he drew from it, and the Prudent use he made of it to his Lady, he perswaded her at last to turn Christian, and at Twenty Six Years of Age she was Publickly Baptiz'd.

Baptiz'd, to the great Satisfaction of all Christian Professors; but that which is more remarkable, she had eleven Girls in eleven Years after her Conversion, at whose Miraculous Progeny the Christians of the Town were Annually so over-joy'd, and the Jews so startled and amazed, that all of the Ladies Family, besides many other of the Jews were Converted, by this Prodigy, to the Christian Faith; all their off-spring which were Twenty one in Number, living to be Men and Women, proving all such Worthy Members of the Catholick Church, that they were Eminent both for their Piety and Vertue, to Gods great Honour, and a Miraculous Confirmation of the Truth and Excellency of the Christian Religion.

From hence we took Boat down the Po to Ferrara, where we arrived in three Days; but there being nothing Remarkable, we hasten'd from thence into *Bobonia*, which is a University.

The shortness of our stay there, gave us but a slender opportunity of observing any thing worth the Readers Notice, and being unwilling to supply the want of true Remarks with Invention, I shall therefore proceed to entertain you with what I observ'd at *Florence*, which Famous City I had next recourse to.

Florence, for its singular Excellencies, among

mong all other Cities of *Italy*, is call'd *The fair*. It is the Capital of *Tuscany*, and Seat of the Great Duke; is Situated at the bottom of very high Hills, environ'd on all sides with the same, excepting towards the West-side; before which lies a plain Country. This City is divided into two, by the River *Arno*, over which are built four Bridges of Stone; upon one of the two chief, is the *Goldsmiths-Street*; upon the other, on a very Stately Structure, stands the four Quarters of the Year in Marble: Opposite to this, before the *Trinity*, stands a vast Column, with a Statue of *Justice* in *Porphyre* at the top, which *Cosmus*, the first Great Duke, rais'd as a Trophy: From hence towards the right Hand, is the Merchants Vault supported with fair Pillars; and before it a Brazen Boat casting forth Water: Keeping right on, we came to the great Place, in the midst of which, is the Great Duke *Cosmus* on Horse-Back, in Brass.

Betwixt this Horse and the *Piazzo Vecchio*, is a Fountain, which all *Italy* cannot shew the like of; round about the Laver is the Family of *Neptune* in Brass, with his Coloss of Marble in the midst, bore up by four Horses: The whole hardly to be equal'd, much less excell'd by Humane Arts.

In this same *Piazza* is a Porch Arch'd and Adorn'd with some Statues, among which is that of *Judith* in Brass, with that of the Rape of the *Sabins*; three Persons in several Postures, cut all out of one Stone, are most Remarkable.

Just against it is the *Piazzo Vecchio*, or Old Palace, at the Enterance stands two *Colosses*, one of *David*, the other of *Hercules*, trampling on *Cajus*. Within is a Court, set about with Pillars of *Corinthian* Work: Above is a very spacious Hall, with divers Statues, and amongst them those of two Popes, *Leo* the Tenth, and *Clement* the Seventh, of the Family of the *Medicis*.

Having been expeditious in Viewing hereof, that which requires a Week to Observe well, is at hand, I mean the richest of Treasures, the Great Dukes Gallery. In the lower Story are the Courts of Justice, with an Alcade to walk in, on each side. Above are the Shops of divers Artisans, who Work continually for the Great Duke. In the uppermost part is contained as many Wonders as Things; some to be admired for their Preciousness and Art, others for their Rarity and Antiquity.

On each side of the Gallery are ranged Statues, to the Number of Fourscore and odd, of which, for Antiquity, I prefer the *Idol*,
brought

brought from the Temple of *Apollo* at *Delphos*, with this Verse on the Pedestal.

Ut potui hac veni et Delphis fratre relicto.

At the right hand of this *Gallery* are several *Stanza's* full of Curiosities.

In the first Room we went into stands the *Tabernacle*, or *Altar* of *St. Lawrence*, no part thereof of common Marble, but totally compacted of *Jewels* and *Precious Stones*.

In the next Chamber is a Table with *Flowers* and *Birds*, in their Natural Colours, of Precious Stones, with a Cabinet priz'd at Two Hundred Thousand Crowns, covered with *Agaths*, *Emrals*, *Amatbists*, &c. Within is the *Passion* of our *Saviour*, with the twelve *Apostles*, all in *Amber*.

In the Third, is a Cabinet with *Caladon* Pillars, with Ancient Medals of Gold. Round about this Room is an Infinite number of Natural and Artificial Curiosities; as the Nail turn'd half into Gold by *Alchyme*; the *Emperours* Head on a *Turquoise*, no bigger than a *Walnut*: With Hundreds of other Rarities.

Next is the *Armory*, wherein are the Habits, and divers sorts of Arms, of several Ages, and People; amongst these the King of *China's* Habit, *Hannibal's* Head Piece of *Corinthian* Metal, *Charlemain's* Sword, an Argument of
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the *Italian Jealousie*, being an Invention to lock up *Female Frailty*. Here also is a *Magnet*, which bears up Fourſcore Pound wait of *Iron*.

In the laſt Cabinet we ſaw the Curious Turnery of *Ivory*, and a Pillar of *Oriental Alabaſter*, &c. From thence we went into the *Ward-Robe*, where are Twelve great Cup-boards of Plate, a Service alſo of pure Maſſie Gold; a Saddle, which the Emperour gave as a Preſent to the Great Duke, all Embroider'd with Pearls and Diamonds; theſe, and many other Rarities, worthy of a curious Inſpection, ſufficiently declare the Wealth of this Prince.

From the ſaid Gallery is a private Paſſage to the *Piazzo de Pitbi*, on the other ſide of the River, where the Duke keeps his Court. The Front of this Ediſice is very Magnificent; towards the *Baſis* Dorick-work, in the miſt Ionick, in the uppermoſt Story Corinthian. In the Court is a *Grotte* with Statues, and a Fountain over it; that which is moſt wonderful, is a Loadſtone of a prodigious Greatneſs.

Neither are Gardens to be omitted, which, for their Largeneſs, have the Face of a Foreſt, for their Variety, a perfect Paradife. Here *Cypreſs* grows; there Walks with Statues; here a Sea of Fountains; there Swans, Auſtriches, and other Recreative Creatures.

Being now on this ſide of the River *Arno*,
there

there stands a Pillar of great Antiquity, bearing on it the Statue of *Peter Martyr*, in the same place where he was Beheaded.

Left I should dwell too long among these Earthly Delights, wherewith *Florence* is fill'd, I will go and meditate on the Churches; and first in the *Dome*, which I conceive, either for the Ingenuity of the Work, or worth of so vast a Bulk of Red, Black, and White Marble, to be the fairest Cathedral without, that ever Man saw. It's better part is the *Cupola*, so high that the Brass Globe at the top is capable of holding sixteen Persons, and yet, by reason of its vast distance, seems no bigger than a *Foot-Ball*. The inside of the *Church* is adorn'd with many Curious *Scripture* Pieces; among which, that of the *Virgin*, which was two Years drawing, Valued at forty thousand Crowns.

From hence we went to St. *Lawrence's* Chapel, wholly over-laid with fine Polish'd Stones, neither is there any Colour upon Earth, but is there in Stones Naturally, all which have been dug up in the Great Dukes Dominions.

To conclude my Description of *Florence*, the Houses are high Built, the Streets Pav'd with great Stones, even and long, made Pleasant with many Fountains, and other Publick Ornaments; eight Miles round the City it seems another *Florence*, so full are the Fields speckled with
Country

Cuntry Seats. Neither are those Delights to Private Men alone, but there are likewise Publick Walks, witness that of *Pines* two Miles long, and another of *Cypresses*.

The Revenues of this Prince of *Tuscany*, exceed Yearly two Millions of Crowns, his Ordinary Guard is of *Cavalry* and *Infantry*, chiefly *Germans*, very well Equipp'd.

The *Florentines* have commonly great Head-pieces, so that from hence spring notable Polititions and Statesmen; *Machiavel* was one, and 'tis said three Ambassadors, once meeting from three several Kings, were all of the same Country.

In this City I fell, by an Accident, into the Company of a young Parochial Priest, who would privately take his Bottle with as much freedom as the greatest Libertine in the Universe. Tho' I my self had but a slender Appetite to *Ebriety*, yet when I happen'd into the Company of a Tipling Priest, I was the more unwilling to Boggle at my Glass, because I always found they were so apt to expose the Looseness of their Lives, when they were Elevated with Wine, as if they were proud to be thought more Vicious than the Laity.

Being both Merrily inclin'd, we put about the Glass, for an Hour or two, very briskly; and when I found we were both rais'd to a
familiar

familiar Pitch of mutual Chearfulness, I took the liberty of asking him, *How a Young Man, as he was, could confine himself to that Continence, which a Person of his Function was oblig'd to live up to*; telling him also, *That I thought it a great hardship upon the Romish Clergy, that the Canons of their Church should be so very severe, as to Abridge them of the pleasures of a Married Life. We take it quite otherwise*, reply'd he, *and think it a Blessing that we have not the Liberty of making Fools of our selves, but are necessitated to the Happiness of a Single Life, in spite of the Flesh and the Devil. But how*, said I, *can such a brisk, jolly Man as you contain your self under such Circumstances, without breaking a Commandment, in coveting your Neighbours Wife or his Daughter. Poh, poh*, Sir, says he, *they are beholden to us first for giving of them Wives, and we are beholden to them afterwards for the Use of them. Besides*, says he, *'tis a standing Rule amongst us of the Clergy, when ever we are desir'd to say Grace, we think, if our Appetite serves, we have an absolute Right to partake of the Banquet. I understand you*, said I, *then you think it no Sin to Invade your Neighbours Property in his Wife. Yes*, says he, *a very great Sin for a Man to do it, that either has, or may have*

a Wife of his own if he pleases; but abundantly more excusable in a Priest, who has the same Natural Concupiscence with a Lay-Man, yet is not allowed to Marry. The difference of the Sin, says he, is made plain in this Similitude; for a Hungry Man to steal Food, that may come by it Honestly if he pleases, he is doubtless guilty of a damnable Sin; but for a poor Man that cannot go to Market, to steal a Bit now and then, when he wants it, is, in my Opinion, so allowable, that scarce any Body can blame him. I'll tell you, says Young Domine, now it comes into my Head, what a streight I was once put to, in an Amorous Adventure, and you your self shall judge, whether I did not out-do Guzman in the management of my Intrigue.

There liv'd a Miserly Old Gentleman in the City of Florence, who had but one Son, and he Deform'd in Temper, as well as Person, and to shew he was a true Chip of the old Block, was full as Covetous as the sordid Sire that begot him. This Hopeful Progeny being Heir to a great Estate, notwithstanding his Deformity, obtain'd a Marriage with one of the handsomest young Ladies in all Florence; they had not been long enter'd into this Holy Covenant, but Surly Time gave the Old Dad a Knock on the Noddle with the Handle of his Sythe, and made him
real

real Headlong out of this World down the Precipices of Eternity, to the great Joy of his Son and Daughter who succeeded in the Estate, which did not appear so large as they expected it being most in Money, which occasion'd the Son to suspect that his Father, who Died suddenly, had Buried a considerable part of his Riches somewhere under-Ground, because, in his Life-time, he was much given to hide his Money, and after his Death, many little Sums were found in odd Holes and Corners, which he had annex'd to his Exchequer: The Young Lady made Choice of me for her Father Confessor, by which means I soon felt her Pulse, and found she would be well pleas'd I should supply the Defects too of a feeble Husband; being well assured, by the Looks of the Lady, of her kind Intentions towards me, I made an Industrious use of every Opportunity to express my Affection for her, in order to Nourish her Loose Inclinations to a higher Pitch, whose Amorous Desires, in a little-time I had so effectually improv'd, that being often at her House, every Familiarity had pass'd betwixt us except the *Ultimate Favours*; which, by reason of her Husbonds Jealousie, according to the *Italian* Custom, was kept so strictly under Lock and Key, that she could not impart the Blessing without Committing *Burglary* upon her Nuditie; so that making her Maid a Confidante

we agreed upon a Project to procure a Happy opportunity of obliging each other, by deceiving the Jealous Husband, which we put the next Night in Practice after the following manner.

Having prepar'd a Shovel for my purpose, the Maid, according to Appointment, when the whole Family were in Bed, let me into the House, lending me the last Suit of Cloaths which were worn by her old Master before his Death, who was a Man exactly of my own Stature; in order to accomplish my design, on I put my Disguise, covers my Bald-Pate with a Night-Cap, pins up a Folded Handkerchief, like a Muffler; whitens my Countenance with a Drudging-Box, takes a Lighted Candle in one Hand, and my shovel in the other, and having doft my Shoes for my Expedition, up Stairs I travel'd as Light Heel'd as a *Fairy*, and slipping in at the Chamber Door, which was left convenient for my Entrance, I drew the Curtains at the Feet, and made my Ghastly Appearance, expressing my self in a doleful Tone after the following manner, *Arise my Beloved Son, Arise, and follow me thy Departed Father, who will lead thee to a Golden Grave, that shall produce thee Treasure.*

The very thought of Riches so Quallified his Fears, he started up from between the Sheets, and answer'd, *He was ready to obey me*; upon which I led him down Stairs into the most distant

Corner

Corner of his Garden, where I stuck my Candle in a Bank of Mold, and made this second Speech, *Beneath thy Feet, where thou now standest, lies Buried a Marble Urn, full of great Riches;* then flinging him my Shovel, added, *Dig there, my Son, with thy Face towards the East; and before Morning thou, shalt surely find it; this is the Critical time, defer it not, lest thou forever lose it, so Farewel.* Then slipping behind some Bushes that were near me, I vanish'd from his sight, and return'd back to the Fair Object of my Love, who Panting in her Bed, full of Longing Expectancy.

The Success of our Project hitherto gave us no little satisfaction: The Night was now our own, the Back Door Bolted, and all things made safe and easie for the mutual Enjoyment of each others Love; to prevent the loss of any of our precious Minutes, I soon shifted off my Ghastly Habit, and became Flesh and Blood in a Moment, to my sweet Bedfellows inexpressible Satisfaction: Loves dark Mysterious Store-House of Delight Padlock'd all Day, lest some sly Thief should share the owners Treasures, was now at Liberty from its unnatural Confinement; that I enter'd the Porticum of Pleasure, where I found my self Ravish'd with such transporting Joys, that I heartily forgave our first Parents, for the Miseries they brought upon us, by rashly tasting of the
like

like Blessing. I made a nimble use of my time, for fear of Accidents, and was so very liberal the first Hour, that I had quite empty'd my Purse, and had nothing left the next, to cast into Loves Exchequer; which like the Treasury of a Warring Prince, was still gaping for more, when I had little left to replenish it: When I had thus wound up the bottom, I thought it time to be jogging, so after I had made her an Amorous Compliment, and gave her further Instructions how to manage the matter to a neat Conclusion, I dress'd my self in my own Robes, took a Lovers leave, gave the Confident a Gratuity, and so departed without the least discovery; and finding the Hour about three in the Morning, I went straight to Church to begin *Matines*.

I was no sooner got safe out of the House, but my Lady, according to the Instructions I had given her, rais'd all her Family, and made a Lamentable Out-cry after her lost Husband; and when they had made a formal search in every Room and Cellar to no purpose; the Sallacious Hypocrite, attended by her Servants, enter'd the Garden in all the seeming Confusion imaginable, fearing her dear Husband, in a Melancholly Fit, had Drown'd himself in his Fish-Pond, but espying a light in the Corner of a Grotte, they made up to it; where, to the Servants great surprize, they found their Crooked Master in his Shirt,

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Labouring

Labouring like a *Sexton* in a *Church-Yard*, as if he was either making a Grave to Bury himself alive in, or else, that he was Digging a Passage into the *East-Indies*, in order to have a Private Communication with the *Antipodes*. My dear Husband, Crys the Deceitful Wife, with Tears in her Eyes, like a Young Willow at the Funeral of her defunct Bedfellow, *What is the meaning you should arise at Midnight from your Loving Montazo, to fright me when I wak'd into this Distraction, and thus betake your self to this Mad and Melancholly Exercise? Prithee hold thy Babbling*, answer'd he, in a mighty Passion, that he was thus interrupted; *Get thee back to thy Bed, or I shall lose more Wealth by thy Impertinence, than ever thy Love and Beauty can make me amends for.* The Lady and Servants still persisted in their Importunities, that he would return to Bed; till at last, they had rais'd his Indignation to so high a pitch, that he swore, *If they did not retire, and leave him to himself to finish his undertaking, he would Murder them with his Spade, and Bury them in the hole he was Digging*: Upon which they thought it best to retreat, and leave him to his Humour and his Labour. The Lady, seemingly in a mighty concern, sends a Servant to me, desiring to speak with me, pretending to consult with me what was best to be done, to divert her dear Spouse

Spouse from his Fantastical Humour; the Servant meeting with me just as *Matines* were over, I accordingly went, hoping by this time, that the Padlock was put again upon the Premises, but when I came to the House, the Lady up and told me a formal Story, as if I had known nothing of the matter; taking Grievously on, that her Husband was run Distracted thro' *Covetousness*, and that he had been Digging in the Garden all Night, in hopes to discover wonderful Riches; after which she takes me into her Chamber to advise with me more privately; I understood her meaning, and upon farther Enquiry, found her *Squirrel* was still unchain'd, which I was forc'd again to play with, till I was so tir'd with the Pastime, that I began to be as Sick of my Play-fellow, as a *School-Boy* is of an old Bauble: When she had thus squeez'd me like a *Chaina Orange*, till my Juice was quite exhausted, she desir'd me to walk with her into the Garden, to try if I could Cure the Distemper I had rais'd, lest her Husband should Dig himself into a downright Distraction; accordingly I waited on her to the Golden Mine, where I seem'd mightily surpriz'd to see my Worthy Friend in so Laborious a Condition, who, by this time, being well tir'd with his Work to no purpose, was a little at leisure to hear Reason, so that I took upon me to enquire into the mean-

ing of his appearing in this Frenzical Disorder; in answer to which he acquainted me, how he had seen the Ghost of his Departed Father, telling what Assurance the Apparition had given him of great Riches Buried in that Place, which was the Reason that induc'd him to this Pains, in hopes of a Discovery. I told him, *It was impossible the Spirit of his Dead Father should appear to him; for his Soul was still in Purgatory, because he had not been at the Expence of Masses sufficient for the Praying of him out; and that the Apparition, which he fancy'd he saw, was nothing but an Illusion of the Devil, who had taken the Advantage of his Covetous Humour, to draw him into this Error, and that the Devil was known to be the Father of Lies, and therefore it was a Damnable Sin in him to give so much Credit to his Words, as to follow his Directions:* Adding further, *That nothing was more likely than that Heaven had permitted this Judgment to fall upon him for his Covetous Remissness, in not having his Father redeem'd from the Flames of Purgatory, in which he was now Groaning.* By this means I so soften'd him to my purpose, that I prevail'd with him to part with Fifty Pound, for the Releasement of his Distressed Father, which Sum he Paid me as soon as I had perswaded him to Renounce the Devil and his Spade,
and

and to return to his House, where, having finish'd my Design, I took leave of both my Benefactors, troop'd Home with my Money, and left the disappointed Gold-Finder, to reconcile himself to his Senses, and Padlock up his Wives Honey-Pot from the Invasions of the Sweet Tooth'd Clergy.

Having now taken as general a Survey of the Curiosities at *Florence* as our stay would give us leave, we set forth from thence towards the great Theatre of *Europe, Rome*, which shall be the Subject of the remaining part of this Book.

In our Passage thither we found the Roads were fill'd with Numerous Crowds of Travellers, Pilgrims, Poor Priests; and a continu'd Train of Sun-burnt, sad Weather-beaten Sinners of both Sexes, crawling along the High-ways, in such despicable Apparel, that nothing, sure, but the Mercy of an Infinite Being, could think such a parcel of contemptible Wretches worth Notice. Had I not known the occasion that call'd them together in these numbers, instead of believing 'em to be Christians going to the *Jubilee*, I should have took 'em, by their Looks and Garbs, to have been *Infidel Indians*, moving towards *Grand Paw-Waw*; all Ranks and Qualities were so promiscuously mingled, that they seem'd to me like the Original of *Michael Angelo's Resurrection*; and that the whole World were

jogging on towards a general Tribunal, Bishops in Coaches, poor Priests on Foot, Gentlemen on Horses, Beaus upon Mules, Pilgrims upon Asses, and thus mov'd on higgie-de-piggie-de, like *Don Quixodo's Revel-Rout*, when they were running headlong to the Devil.

At last we came within sight of *Rome*, which, before I enter, I cannot but premeditate on St. *Hieroms* three Wishes, which were to have seen our Saviour in the *Flesh*; to have heard St. Paul Preach; and to have seen *Rome* in its Glory; which last, if ranged among the two former, by so Learned a Father, it must needs have been one of the Happiest Sights Mortal Eye could attain to. 'Tis so ample a Theme, that I grew almost confounded in going about to Describe it; and indeed no Man will take that Task upon him, that hath seen the Diversity of Books, and Impressions, there are only of things of Note at *Rome*. In a word, the Press is Burthen'd with nothing more than Descriptions of *Rome*, wherefore I will briefly Hint upon what is most Remarkable, and lay the chief stress of the Matter on the Ceremonies of the *Jubilee*, which are altogether New and Diverting.

The first Day we walk'd to the *Villa* of Prince *Ludoviso*, which stands on the same Soil where that Renown'd one of *Salust* stood. The principle Rarities in this Place, are the

tired

tired *Gladiator*; *Marcus Aurelius's* Head, of Brasse, that stood in the Capitol; the Oracles Head, of Porphyre, with the Mouth open, whereby the Priests Spake; those for Old: Among the New, the Man Petrified, which the Emperor sent to the Pope; a Bedstead built all of Precious Stones, to the Value of Ten Thousand Crowns; a Bed fit to get none but an *Alexander the Great* upon. In the Garden are two Antient Tombs, and sixteen round Vessels of Stone, wherein the Antient *Romans* were wont to keep their Oyl.

Afterwards we past by the Relicks of *Antoninus's Basilica*, and saw his and *Trajan's* Triumphant Pillar, the most wonderful pieces of *Rome*; the first is one Hundred seventy five Foot high, and now Consecrated to *St. Paul* whose Statue of Brasse gilded, it bears on the Top; the other is One Hundred and Twenty Eight foot high from the *Basis*, whereupon it stands, and Patronizeth *Saint Peter*, whose Statue of Brasse is upon the Head.

From thence we made a Circuit thro' part of old *Rome*, and saw the Triumphant Arches of *Constantine the Great*, and *Titus Vespasian*; in the Work of the last, he is represented Riding in Triumph, drawn in a Chariot by four Horses; on the other side, the Golden Candlestick; the Tables of the Law; the *Arca Fœderis*; and ma-

ny other Spoils, taken out of the Temple of Solomon.

Having gaz'd a little on these Marbles, we returned Homewards by St. *John de Lateran*, so called from a Palace of the *Laterani*, which stood there upon the *Mons Calvis*: It is the Mother of all Churches, not for the Fabrick, but Antiquity; 'twas Founded by *Constantine*. It would be too long a Subject to speak of all the Particulars, I will only Name the chief.

At one end of the Porch is the Statue of *Henry the Fourth of France*, who gave large Revenues to the Church: At the High-Altar the Pillars of Brass are very Glorious. Amongst the many Sacred Curiosities, reserved here, is first, the Tomb of *Hellen*, Mother to *Constantine the Great*; four Pillars bearing a Stone, which shew the measure of our *Saviours* height; the Table whereon the Soldiers cast Lots; two Pillors of the Vail of the Temple rent; the Pilar whereon the Cock Crew.

Without St. *John de Lateran*, on the one side is a little *Rotunda*, covered with Lead, wherein is the *Font*, a *Baptistary* of *Constantine*, with the fairest Pillars of *Porphyre* in *Rome*; on the other is the *Scala Santa*, or *Holy Ladder*, containing Twenty Eight Stairs, that stood in *Pilot's House* in *Jerusalem*, whereon our *Saviour* went and return'd whilst he was in his A-

gony

gony, Sweating Blood. Above is the *Scala Santa*, and over it this Verse.

Non est in toto Sanction orbe Locus.

They say that *Hellen* sent them to *Rome*, with many other things of the Holy Land.

In the Afternoon we saw little, only took a slight View of the *Campo Vaccino*, filled with Antiquities. Another Day, in the Morning, we went to the *Vatican*; in the way is *Pons Elius*, now *Del Castello, Santo Angelo, the Holly Angels Castle*.

'Twas Built by *Adrian* the Emperor, for a Sepulcher for him and his Successors; and in regard it stands yet so firm and entire, 'tis reduced into the form of a Fortrefs, wherein are kept three Millions of Gold, which Money is to be employ'd on no use, unless to defend the State Apostolick in point of Arms.

From hence, looking into the *Tyber*, one may discern some Ruin of the Triumphant Bridge, but so little are the Remnants, that 'tis hard to judge it to have been so Glorious as it was: However, 'tis said, the *Jews* offered Fifteen Thousand Crowns, that they might turn the Course of the *Tyber* some Months, and have all they could find about this Bridge; in which I believe the *Jews* would not have been Los-

fers, it being the Custom of the Ancient Romans, when they past over the Tyber in Triumph, to sling in part of their Spoils taken from their Enemies. Yet the Pope would not assent thereunto, lest the turning of the River might prove prejudicial to the City.

From the *Castello Santo Angelo* is a Corridor that goes into the *Vatican*, the Popes Winter Palace, to which joins *St. Peters*.

Before these two prime Structures of New Rome, is a wide Court, in the midst whereof is an Esquile, or Pyramide, bore upon Four Lyons of Brass, which heretofore stood as Nero's Figure, and, was Dedicated to *Julius Caesar*, whose Ashes were preserv'd on the Top, where now the Cross Triumpheth.

St. Peter's Church, as *Erasmus* said of that at *Canterbury*, *Panta, sese Majestate in Cælum erigit, ut etiam procul Intuentibus Religionem incutiat*. In a Word, 'tis the most perfect Model of decent Magnificence in the World, there being an answerable Uniformity, both within and without. The Frontispiece is glorious, with the Colosses of *Christ* and the *Twelve Apostles*. The Porch it self is large enough to be a Temple. Entering into the Church, one would admire the Work on the Top, which is all of Squares. In the *Capola* is represented the *Celestial Hierarchy* in pieces of *Mosaick-work*, so well done, that

that to all Spectators they seem Painted. In the Center of the Church stands the Altar, the most singular piece, for the Matter and Art, that ever Humane Hand produced; 'tis all of solid Brass, taken from the Covering of the *Rotunda*, and afterwards melted into such stupendious Pillars, each one whereof weighs 25000 Pounds, the whole indeed Unparalell'd.

The *Vatican* Palace is so well stor'd with Lodgings, that, 'tis said, three Kings may, at the same Time, have room enough for themselves and Followers.

In these large Builtings are contain'd so many Rarities, as the whole World affords not the like: Amongst others, several Manuscripts of *Virgil* and *Terence*, and many *Roman* Authors, written with their own Hands. There are likewise (tho' of later date) King *Henry* the Eighth's Letters to *Ann* of *Bulloign*, some in *French*, some in *English*; begining commonly with *My Darling*, or some other Lacivious Expression, together with his Book against *Luther*, which procur'd him the Title of the *Defender of the Faith*; and at the end these two Verses, written with his own Hand:

*Anglorum Rex Henricus Leo Decimo mittit
Hoc opus, et Fidei testem Amicitia.*

In the opposite *Stanza* is the *Palsgrave's* Library, taken at *Augspurg*, and sent afterwards as a Present to his Holiness. Here also is kept the true Draught of *Mahomets* Chest. Many other Rarities are in this Library. From whence passing thro' the Conclave, we went down into the Armory, which standing underneath, doth, as it were, support the Library, whereof the Motto over the Door is,

*Urbanus VIII. Literis Arma
Armis Literis.*

The Sword must uphold the Pen. The Pen, the Sword. There are Arms and all Accoutrements for five and thirty thousand Men, Horse and Foot.

In the *Vatican-Hall* (the Walls of which are Marble) is Pictur'd the Massacre of *France*.

After we had seen all the Apartments of this vast House, returning to our Lodgings, we slept into *Santa Maria de Cavalli Scoffi*, where there is the Stone on which *Abraham* offered *Isaac*, and another whereon our Saviour was Circumcized, which you may believe if you please.

*Hic Lapis est in quem Natum Templo obtulit
(olim
More Hebraorum Virgo Maria Suum.*

In the next Church the Pillars are reserved in Wooden Cases, which St. Peter and St. Paul were tied to and whip'd.

From thence we went to the *Palazzo Farnese*, but in the way we took a full view of the *Rotunda*, or *Pantheon*, the most absolute intire Antiquity in all *Rome*, which was Built by *Marcus Agrippa*, and Dedicated to all the Gods, and is now to the Virgin, and all the Saints. In the Porch is an Ancient Sculpture of the *Primitive Christians*.

From the *Pantheon* we went directly to the *Palazzo Farnese*, which Glorious Fabrick was raised out of the Ruins of the *Amphitheatre*: For the Commendations of this Architecture 'tis enough to say *Michael Angelo* had a chief part therein.

Before it are two very fine Fountains. In the Court there is a Statue surpassing all the Statues in *Rome*, called the *Tauri Farnese*; a Bull with a Dog, and five Persons, every one bigger than Life, cut to wonder, out of one Stone brought from *Rhodes*, where it was dug up almost two Hundred Years since, and is as entire

as it made but Yesterday, and now stands in this Palace, amazing all that behold it.

We went then to see the Antiquities of the Capitol; at the Foot of the Stairs are two Lyons of Ancient Stone, at the Head the Statues of *Cassius* and *Pollux* holding of their Horses; the Trophies of *Marcus Aurelius* on Horseback. Under the Stairs is a Fountain, with the Statues of *Rome* in Red, of Porphyre, having on the sides the *Tygris* and *Tyber*.

At the right hand as one comes on the Capital Hill, is the *Conservatorio*, so call'd because most of the Precious Antiquities are kept there: At the Entrance are the Statues of *Julius* and *Augustus Caesar*.

In the Court is the Hand and Head of *Commodus*, his *Coloss* in Brass; the Foot and Head of the *Coloss* of *Apollo*, of a stupendious Bigness. A Pile with the Ravishing of the *Sabins* in *Relievo*. At the top of the Stairs, the Statue of *Marius*. A Table of Brass, with the Old Laws. In the Gallery, hard by, are the Names of the Old and New Consuls.

Within the Hall, and other Rooms of the Capital, are many other Admirable Statues, both New and Old; for Old, those of *Cicero* and *Virgil*; the New, those of several *Popes*; and many other things worthy Observation.

The next Day we went to the *Palazzo Barberino*.

barino; in the Gallery are also abundance of Excellent Statues, and amongst 'em the old *Egyptian* Idol *Osyris*, of a black strange Stone, with a Head vastly great, a Face like an Owl, Ears hanging down to the Breasts; the whole Figure very amazing.

After this we went to *Santa Maria della Vittoria*, where the Ensigns hang which were taken in *Germany*, to wit, the *Cross-Keys* and the *Miter*, with the Motto, *Extirpentur, Let them be rooted out*.

From thence we went to the *Villa Montalto*, saw the *Water-works*, and the *Citron Trees* in great number; with a thousand Rarities. In returning, we view'd the Church from whence the *Arians* were expelled; together with the *Villa aldo Brandino*.

The sixth Day we went along the *Tyber*, by the *Via Ostiensis*, where the *Riatum* is, and the *Olympick Games* were used; in the same Meadow is the *Mons Testaccus*, so called because the *Romans*, who in their *Temples* and *Sacrifices* used *Earthen Vessels* much, were wont to carry all their broken *Pots* to this Place, which in Time grew to such a heap, that at this day there is a high Hill of them, from whence we had a full view of all the seven Hills of *Rome*, to wit, The *Capitoline*, the *Palatine*, the *Aven-*
tine.

tine, the *Celias*, the *Esquiline*, the *Viminal*, and the *Quirinal*.

On a *Friday*, eight Weeks before the *Eve* of of the *Jubilee*, we went to *St. Peters*, where, in his Sanctities Chappel, we saw most admirable Representations; and there found opportunity to go into the Vaults under *St. Peters*, where we saw divers Sepulchers of the Primitive Christians; that of Pope *Adrian* the Fourth, an *Englishman*, of *Porphyre*. The Chappel where the Bodies of *St. Peter* and *St. Paul* were Interred.

In the Afternoon we went to the *Campo Vaccino*, but in the way stands *St. Pauls* House, where, according to the *Acts*, Paul Dwelt two whole Years in his own Hired House, *Acts* 28. 30.

Going down into the *Campo Vaccino*, from the Capitol, on the left, is the Prison, Anciently call'd *Tertulianum*, now *San Pietro in Carcere*, because he was there Imprison'd: Hard by is the *Vorago*, or *Whirle-Pool*; where into *Curtius* threw himself; and a good way towards the *Villa Farnese*, the place where *Remus* and *Romulus* were found by *Faustulus*.

Having thus had a satisfactory Sight of the Antiquities here, I made it my Business to enquire into their Ecclesiastical Affairs, and particularly

cularly into the Method of the Pilgrims, and the Rise of Pilgrimages.

I find first of all in general, That all the Ancient Hospitals in *Italy* owe their Foundation to the Holy places of *Rome* and *Loretto*. The Pilgrimages to these places some time ago, was so necessary, that a Man was scarce esteem'd a Christian except he had been there. And the Popes perceiving how much this vast Concourse did encrease their Incomes, and enrich their City, found a way to oblige Confessors to enjoin their Penitents, for the Expiation of their greatest Sins, such as *Rape*, *Incest*, or *Murther*, to Journey thither; so that there was no Pardon for these kind of Villanies but going to *Rome*.

It is true, at present they have found out an Expedient to save Men this Trouble, which is by remitting a good Sum of Cash, with which they are satisfied; and I am well assured it is not the Person they desire, but his Substance, which will make amends for his Absence: And forasmuch as a great many poor Pilgrims flock'd thither out of Devotion, or Necessity, many Rich Persons (moved with Charity) Erected Hospitals for their Entertainment; where they received Lodging and Diet; according as they were Endowed, so was the Alms more or less. The Care and Administration of them was committed to *Priests*, as being the Men who think themselves

themselves peculiarly concern'd in all Pious Legacies; and very readily take upon them the care of those Places, where they find a plentiful current of Devotion Money. It was too much their Interest not to encourage such Beginnings, and so constantly frequented the Houses of Rich Persons, to desire them in their Wills, to add to the Revenues of which they were Stewards; inso-much, that in a little time they grew wonderful Rich.

It rests now to enquire of the Use that is made of them at present, and, by sad Experience, an *English* Priest gave me an Information concerning this Matter; he told me, *In his Way* hitber, at *Luca*, an ancient Hospital, founded by a *Sovereign Princess*, and very Rich, that this was the Law of it; for all Strangers, of what Rank soever, Rich or Poor, were to be Entertain'd three Day, together; but that now it admits of none but Priests and Monks; and to other Travellers they only give a Loaf of half a Pound weight, and a Pint of Wine and Water; and before they can get this, there is a great Formality of producing Passports, testifying themselves to be Pilgrims; for want of which (being Rob'd) he said, he had like to have been excluded, but with much difficulty got the Allowance.

From hence he came to another Town, a
Days

Days Journey distant, where there were several Hospitals, to which he went to procura himself a Lodging, but every where the Door was shut upon him; the Monks in Italy are very Pitiless, and seldom give Alms to Strangers; they have an Artifice amongst them they make use of to refuse poor Passengers, as I experienc'd at Ipres in Flanders, which is this, all the Monks and Brothers have Orders to tell them, that their Abbot Guardian, or Superiour is not at Home; and if you should happen to meet with the Person themselves, then the Steward, Butler, or some other Officer that has the Purse, is gone Abroad; by which means they make poor Travellers (like poor Dependants on a person of Qualities Preferment) lose all their Patience forcing them to go away.

And he protested unto me, That if it were in his Power to inflict a Punishment upon them, he thought, in so doing, he should render a most acceptable piece of Service to God, as well as to poor Pilgrims. Because, said he, 'tis a most deplorable thing to see how at best they Treat them, what they give them to Eat does not amount to Two Pence Charges for each Person; and this too, in such a nasty slovenly manner, that it turns ones Stomach, whilst in the mean time those Wretched Priests engross all the Benefit into their own Coffers. 'Tis an infamous thing

thing to see how they Lodge Strangers; there are about thirty Beds in a Room, where they lye two and two, or three and three, in a Bed, according as they are stock'd with Company. Before they are suffered to enter this Room, they are strip'd stark Naked in another, without suffering them so much as to keep on their Shifts: This done, they are all shut up together till next Morning. The Beds are all Rotten and fill'd with loathsome Vermin, and most of them without Sheets. 'Tis true they are well Endowed for better usage, but 'tis their contrivance to give their Visitants such Beastly Entertainment as may deter them from ever coming there again.

He also gave me a particular Account of an Hospital which is in the Hands of the Dominicans of Ferrara; this Pilgrim Arriving there, met with a Company of Twenty Pilgrims more, who were all together Locked up in a Cellar, not being allow'd either Meat, Drink, or Beds to lie upon, and left them so Confin'd till the next Morning; at which time, the Door being opened, and the Fathers seeing them come forth from their miserable Lodging, scoff'd at them asking, *Whether they had lin'd their Insides well, and been Lodg'd at their own Ease?* He added, That as these Hospitals are most Scandalously abused, yet it cannot be imagin'd

more

more Abominable than the Persons who take up there Shelter in them; for amongst forty of them, 'tis hard to find one that is come from his own Country out of Devotion, being, for the most part, a Company of Vagabonds, whose way to live is to Beg in the Day time, go from one Farm to another, Leap Hedges, Rob Orchards, and Steal Fowls they meet with in the Highway, or in the backsides of Country Houses. After their good Days work, they retire towards the Evening to some Neighbouring Village where they know there is an Hospital. Many Travelling after this manner, Begging, with their Wives and Children along with them.

These generally profess themselves to be New-Converts, that formerly they were either Jews or Protestants, but having Abjured their Errors, they have thereby reduced themselves to so miserable a Condition for the Love of Jesus Christ. Besides these, we find other Hospital Mongers, that are never a jot better than those; some of these drag great Chains and Iron Manacles after them, declaring themselves to have been Slaves in Turkey, from whence they were Miraculously deliver'd by some Vows they made to Rome, or our Lady at Loretto. But, if any one take them to Task about those remote Countries, they can answer nothing to the purpose: Moreover,

Moreover, they are a sort of People so *Debauch'd*, that were it true indeed that the *Blessed Virgin* had wrought a Miracle to deliver them from their Bondage, she would do a greater piece of Justice in showing another to return them thither again. Another sort of Pilgrims, well known in these *Hospitals*, are a kind of *Hermits*, of the Nature of those I mention'd before, who spend their time in strolling from one place of *Devotion* to another, leading a most Scandalous Life: These are the Men, who without any permission from their *Bishops* to lead an *Hermetick* Life, have taken up the Habit of themselves. And 'tis observable, that these sort of Cattle are better received than either Passengers or Pilgrims.

These are the several sorts and Divisions of Hospital Haunters, who pretend to be Pilgrims; as for those of Quality I mention'd in my Description of *Padua*, they Travel at their own Expences; therefore we will see by and by whether this Knick-Knack of the *Jubilee*, or other Objects of *Italy*, deserve a Mans putting himself to so great Charges, except only to see its fair Cities, and the Master-pieces of Art and Nature it contains; which should be considered distinctly from their Idolatrous Processions, and other Buffonary Pageantries, practis'd in their Aposth Worship of their Saints and Images.

The Indisposition of his Infallible Holiness made the Devil to do between the Pope and the Cardinals, he being very unwilling, notwithstanding his Sickness, to suffer any Substitute to rob him of the Honour of opening the Holy Gate, it being upon a *Grand Jubilee*; and that he was well assur'd, if he slip this opportunity of gratifying the mighty Inundation of Poor Ignorant Sinners, that flowed from all parts of Christendom, to enjoy the Blessed Entrance of this *St. Peters Porticum*, unless Providence was so Miraculously Merciful to his Old Crazy Carcase, as to lengthen his Days to another Centry, he could have no hopes of doing so great a Charity to so Wicked a Multitude, as had assembled themselves together upon so Publick an Occasion; and was therefore, upon every fresh Hopes of his Recovery, for deferring this Hammering piece of Ceremony, grounded upon the Text, *Knock and it shall be opened unto ye*, till the *Epiphany*, in hopes by that time he should be able to Officiate himself, and not suffer the Honour of such a Great and most Ridiculous piece of Pageantry to be Alienated from his Infallible Person, and to descend to the Inferiour Beard of an unworthy Deputy. But however, both the Designs and Desires of the *Purgatorian Turnkey*, notwithstanding all the Masses that had been said for the Recovery of his Health, were quite frustrated by an Increase
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of his Distemper, which occasion'd a Defluëtion of Humours to fall into his Neck, and several knotty Scrophulous Tumours under his Ears, and about his Jaws, from which his Physicians Judg'd he was much troubled with the *Kings-Evil*; telling him, withal, what a Senative Power had been given to the Kings of *England*, in Curing that particular Distemper by their Sacred Taction; and, with humble Submission, advis'd his Holiness to go to *St. Germain's*, and be Touch'd by King *James*, and he need not question being healed: Upon which the Pope being displeased, screw'd his wither'd Face into the posture of an Angry *Homonculus*, when about to Chatter, and betwixt Passion and Gravity, made this Answer, *That Salutiferous Gift*, says he, *is inherent only in the English Crown, and from thence infused into him that wears it, but whatever Prince loses his Diadem, loses the Power that attends it, and therefore the Virtue of this Taction must Lodge on'y in him who enjoys the Possession of the English Crown; and to tell you the Truth, Gentlemen, I don't much care he should have the handling of me, therefore, if neither the Priests Masses, or the Physicians Medicines, will do me Good, O ye Saints Pity me! And thou Holy Mother have Mercy upon me!*

His Holiness upon this growing worse and worse,

worse, was in a short time reduc'd into so low a State of Health, as to quite despair of being able to Officiate at the *Raree-Show* himself in any reasonable time, and Condescended at last, tho' with an ill-Will, to appoint a Congregation of *Cardinals* to examine former Precidents in like Cases, who having met accordingly, after they had given their Crasie Brains some Trouble, and their Reverend Beards had Wag'd as long as they thought Necessary about the matter, were of an Opinion, *That if his Holiness should be unable to Bless the Solemnity with his Supreme Good Company, then that Cardinal Cibo, as Dean of the Colledge of Cardinals, was the most proper Person to take up the Popes Hammer, and with a Thump, a Thump, a Thump, to perform the Ceremony;* but he too, as Providence would have it, being Troubled with an ill-Will, or some Liltemper that's worse, alledg'd, He was full as bad as the *Pope*, and equally unable to Officiate: Upon which it was then Judg'd the Immortal Honour of this Office belong'd to *Cardinal de Bouillon*, as *Vice-Dean* of the Colledge afore-mention'd; to this his Holiness very readily Consented, and accordingly the *Cardinal Bouillon* was Confirm'd in the Honour of opening the *Holy Gate* in the *Popes*

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room, and the *Cardinals Panciatici, Pamphila,* and *Morigia*, should perform the same at the Churches of *St. Paul, St. John de Lateran* and *St. Maria Maggiore*. And that the Spectators of the biggest Quality might have the better Conveniency of beholding the Solemnity, Stages were prepar'd for the Queen of *Poland*, and the Foreign Ambassadors, in the Porch of *St. Peter*. But that the Queen (to gratifie the Pride that's usually inherent in the greatest Quality of that Sex) should be Exalted above the rest of the Princely Beholders, she had her Seat made higher than any of her Neighbours; at which the Foreign Ambassadors were much Offended, and signified to Cardinal *Spada*, *That it was not consistent with the Honour of their Masters to submit thereto*. Whereupon it was order'd it should be taken a degree lower, and brought near upon a Level. This Dispute about Elevation being thus ended, on the fourth Sunday in *Advent*, the Colledge of Cardinals met in the Popes Chappel, where Mass was Sung as merrily by the old Gentleman, as an *Epithalamium* at a Princes Wedding.

After which, the two last Auditors of the *Rota*, who were the Sieurs *Lanzetta* and *Jacommetti*, Read aloud the Bull for the *Jubilee*,
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the one in *Latin*, the other in *Italian*; which began thus, *In Perpetuam rei Memoriam Innocent, Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God, &c.* The substance of which was, *To Exhort Christians to come and Sing a new Song unto the Lord, and bring an Offering of Praise and Thanksgiving to the King of Ages, who sits above the Cherubims, &c.* And then tells us, *His Holiness has the Power of opening the Treasures of Heaven to those that shall come from all parts of the Earth, to that Holy Mother City, Rome, and the Blessed See of St. Peter.* Then calls upon the Earth to hear the Words of his Mouth, and on the whole World to harken to the sound of the Priestly Trumpet, when it blows the Joyful Year for the People of the Lord. Then he tells, on what Conditions those that come to the Jubilee are to partake of those Heavenly Treasures, viz. Their frequenting the Churches of the Blessed Apostles St. Peter, and St. Paul, St. John de Lateran, and of the Blessed Maria Maggiore, once a day, for thirty Days together, if they be Romans; or Inhabitants of Rome; or if they be Strangers, upon Praying fifteen days together, for the Exaltation of the Holy Church, the Extirpation of Heresie, the Union of Catholick Princess, and the Safety and

Peace of Christian People. And if any shall Die, or be Sick by the way, or be hindred by any Indisposition from performing these Devotions, he accepts the Will for the Deed, and Entitles them to all the Benefits of the Jubilee, as much as if he had run thro' the Holy Exercise requir'd. Telling all People, they ought to come to the Holy City of God upon Earth, so Eminent for the Remembrance of so many Martyrs, and chiefly of the Apostles, the Princes of the Church, as to the Throne of Grace to receive Mercy.

The like Bull was also read at the Gates of the other Patriarchal Churches, which was also follow'd by a treble discharge of the Canon, and Salvo's of the Guards, and Soldiers there in Garrison; and the three following Days the Bells were Rung, tho' not in Peal as in *England*, but confusedly Jangled, and the Canon discharg'd for an Hour together ev'ry Evening, that a Concert of *Songelders* Horns, mix'd with the Ringing of *Butchers* Cleavers, could not have alarm'd the Ears of Strangers with a more Discording Noise, than what arose from their Untunable Belfreys.

On *Thursday*, being *Christmas-Eve*, all the
Cardinals,

Cardinals, who were neither Sick, Lazy, or Disgusted, but were found enough both in Mind and Body, and were both able and willing to undergo the fatigue of this grand Ceremony, repair'd to the *Vatican*, thro' the Suburbs of St. *Angello* and the *Vestibulum*, commonly call'd *d' Belvedere*, and there took, in the usual place, their Purple Copes; and after they had rested themselves a little while in the Chappel *Sextus*, they put on their Sacred Ornaments, which were White, and suitable to their Dignity, and the Grave administration of so solemn an Affair, in order to bring in Grift to the Churches Mill, and Riches to the Popes Treasure. The Cardinal Legates appointed to open the Holy Gates in the Patriarchal Churches of St. *Paul*, St. *John de Lateran*, and St. *Mary Maggiore*, repair'd in great Splendour to their respective Churches: And at the same time the Cardinal *Bouillon* came out of the Vestry of St. *Peter's* Church into the Chapel of the same, attended by the Sacred Colledge, looking as big in his Pontificalibus, as a Lord Mayor upon *Simon and Jude's* Day, at the Head of a Court of Aldermen; marching in this Order from thence, to a Chappel called *Paulina*, the Cross being advanc'd before 'em, that Heretical Strangers might be convinc'd, by that Type, the Followers were

Christians, without which their Fopperies and Idolatries would have given the Spectators just Reasons to have suspected 'em for Pagans.

When arrived at this Chappel, the Master of the Ceremonies waited on their Excellencies, Presenting each of 'em with a Wax Taper, which they held in their Hands whilst the Ceremony lasted. The Cardinals, notwithstanding their stiff Necks, Bowed very low to the Altar; and tho' Age had made most of them very stiff in their Hams, yet, with some difficulty, as well as deliberation, they Prostrated themselves in Worship of the Host, which lay expos'd upon the Altar; some of them having as much trouble to get up again, as if a Judgment had Cripp'd them at their Devotion, for paying that Adoration to an Inanimate Being, due only to God himself.

Cardinal *Bouillon*, having, like the rest, conformed to the same Idolatry, after he had made a short Prayer, Burnt some Incense Kneeling, and began the Hymn *Veni Creator*, assisted with a Concoort of excellent Musick; The first Verse was scarce over, before the Cardinals, being in haste, put on their Miters, and march'd out of the Chappel by the Stair-Case, and from thence,

thence, in a Procession, thro' the great Streets of *St. Peter*, to the *Obelisk*, and thro' the Gallery to the great Gate of the *Vatican*; each Cardinal being attended with no more than two Gentlemen, and a Servant to bear up their Train, follow'd by several Orders of *Monks* in their different Habits.

Being come to the Porch of *St. Peter's Church*, the Cardinal *de Bouillon*, assisted with three Canons of *St. Peter's Church*, having receiv'd from the Hands of Signior *Caparara*, Dean of the *Rota*, the Silver Gilt Hammer, which was Consecrated by the Pope for that Purpose, he advanc'd towards *St. Peter's Gate*, and turning about his Head, and lifting up his Hands with great deliberation, like one of the Wooden-Men of *St. Dunstan's Clock*, he strikes it with his Hammer, as if the People were forward Bidders, and he was selling them Salvation by Auction; saying, *Open to me the Gates of Righteousness*. But the stubborn Gate being Deaf to all Understanding, minded no more what he said, the first time, than if he had been Talking to a Post; upon which he struck it a second time, positively saying, *I will Enter the House of the Lord*: But for all he seem'd to be so hasty, *St. Peter*, as yet, gave him

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him no admittance, which occasion'd him to knock a third time, crying, *Open the Gate, for the Lord is with us*; to which the Clark subjoin'd, *The Lord who has wrought so many Wonders in Israel.*

Which Words was no sooner utter'd, but the Gate, which knew no difference between Pope and Cardinal, fell down in Obedience to the last Command, as flat as a *Flounder*, after as humble a manner, as if his Holiness had been there Present, to the great Amazement of the Bigotted Spectators, who thought it as great a Miracle as ever was perform'd by the Hand of the *Messias*, when that which supported it had been pull'd down, all to a small Prop, and convey'd away privately.

The Cardinals fell down on their Knees, and, like true Hypocrites, return'd Thanks for what they knew no Miracle, as a means to Encourage and confirm the more Superstitious Zealots in their Ignorance, Singing the Hundred Psalm to divert the time, till the Common People had clear'd the Passage of the Bricks and Rubbish, a great deal of Sweet-scented Water being springled, with twelve great Spunges, to allay the Dust; which being done, the Cardinal *Bouillon* Enters.

Enters the Holy Gate, were Signior *Caparara* put a Cross into his Right Hand, and a Wax Taper in his Left; after which he down'd on his Marrow-Bones upon the Threshold, and Sang *Te Deum*; then, rising again, he went into the Body of the Church, attended by the rest of the Cardinals, who, as they enter'd the Gate-way, kiss'd the Jambs and the Sides with such wonderful Devotion, that it put me in mind of an Old *English* saying, *Every one to their Fancy*, as the Old Woman said when she kiss'd her Cow.

The Holy Deputy being come into the Church, at the Head of the Procession, was taken up in a Chair, by some Chairmen Cloath'd in Red, who advanc'd him upon their Shoulders, and carry'd him about like a *Merry Andrew* round a Fair, or like a *Pageant* upon my *Lord-Mayors-Day*; that the more Foolish of the Spectators might behold the great good Man who had perform'd the Miracle; after the performance of which Ceremony, they proceeded to the Chappell of the Holy Sacrament, where they Worship'd the Host, and then, with a Chearful Voice, Sung their Evening Song, the *Vespers*, whilst the Pilgrims, who follow'd the Cardinals, were scrambling without for the Brick-bats of the

Holy-Gate, to preserve them as Relicks of a wonderful Vertue, tumbling one another about like an *English* Rabble contending for the Medals cast away at a Coronation. The Tumult at last was so great, and the Contest grew so hot between the *German* and *Italian* Pilgrims, that had not the Knight of St. *Peter* and St. *Paul* (to whose Care the Guard of the Holy-Gate was Committed) kept the Peace, they would have made Ammunition of their Brick-bat Relicks, and have stain'd the Holy Ground with one anothers Blood, which had just before been sprinkled with Holy Water.

During the Tumult without-side of the Church, and the Devotion within, a discharge was made of all the Canon, and several Salvo's given by the Guards and Soldiers of the Garrison, who were rang'd in the Streets between the *Vatican* and St. *Peter's* Church, which concluded the first days Ceremony.

And at the same Time the Popes Indisposition was observed to grow much greater, which was imputed to the *Grumbling* of the *Gizzard* the old Gentleman was under, that his Condition would not suffer him to shew the People that Miracle himself, which, indeed,
was

was as effectually perform'd by the Hand of his Deputy.

The next Day, being the Nativity of our Saviour, the Colledge of Cardinals were very splendidly Entertain'd by the Popes Order, and at his own proper Charge: At the Celebration of which sumptuous Feast, they drank his Holiness's Health, tho', 'tis believed, all those who were in hopes to Succeed him, let their Tongues go one way, and their Hearts another.

The innumerable Concourse of Strangers that are come hither, upon the account of the Jubilee, is so incredibly great, that the Country adjacent, is scarce able to supply 'em with Provisions; and the Poorer sort are almost ready to petition the Pope to Feed 'em by a Miracle; which, I fear, if once try'd, would prove but *Lean Fare*, to the great Grumbling of the Multitude, who, like a parcel of *French Protestants* at a *Spittle-fields Chandlers*, are ready to go together by the Ears about who shall be first serv'd.

The Pilgrims only, that flock to this City, are so very Numerous, that from the Opening the Holy-Gate, to the first Instant, it is computed
above

above a Hundred Thousand have Visited the four Churches appointed for gaining the Indulgences of the Holy Year, besides other Strangers, whose Number is not much Inferiour, that the whole Town is throng'd like *Bartholomew-Fair* in the height of their Revels.

The *Romans*, I observ'd, are very Charitable to the Poor, which they may well afford, for there is scarce a Pilgrim that comes amongst them, but lays out most of his Money in purchasing Consecrated *Beads*, *Agnus Dei Crosses*, and such like Trinkets, as ridiculous as Childrens Baubles, bought by Nurses at a Fair to silence the peevish Squals of their froward Sucklings.

Now we must take a View of those Transactions which are perform'd in the City of *Rome*, to obtain the End of this *Jubilee*, as those that hope to reap the Fruits of a Plenary Indulgence, or full Pardon. I should tire the Readers Patience if I should pretend to give an exact Account of all the *Town Fools* who flock thither from all Parts; which, indeed, is impossible for one Person to digest into particulars; but, amongst the rest, there were a-bundance of such hardy Penitents, that some
you

you should see tearing and cutting their Flesh, others their Cloaths, others in Hair Gowns, others dawbing their Hands and Faces with Ashes, looking like so many Chimney-Sweepers, others knocking their Breasts with their Fists, others pricking themselves with Pins, and many other shews of Mortification; with such kind of People you might see all the Streets crowded, some Singing, some Groaning, some Sighing, some Laughing, some Weeping, some Crawling upon the Ground, some picking of Pockets, some picking up Whores, Higgle-de-piggle-de; all which continues Daily, during the whole Course of the Year.

I thought it was a great piece of Civility of the Pope to order a peculiar Station for the *English* to have a full Sight of this Comedy, in hopes to have allured *Unbelieving Hereticks* to have snap'd at their Political Baits, and have hung themselves upon the Hooks of *Romish Idolatry*; but I found rather, they made us more Averse to their Religion, by these sort of Fopperies; for I could not hear of one Convert during the time of my continuance there; and I observ'd most particularly, that our own *English Romans* actually Ridicul'd them, nor could I learn of any one that play'd those Barbarous
Tricks.

Tricks with themselves, as abovementioned, amongst all my Countrymen; several indeed repin'd that they should come so far to see a Door or two opened, and wish'd, with all their Hearts, themselves back again, as I did my self. However for Encouragement, on every Door there was Plenary Indulgence to the Poor for nothing; but let the Repentance be never so Sincere of the Rich, I found there could be no *Absolution* without so much Money for *Masses, Processions*, and the Devil knows what besides.

To this purpose I'll tell you a Matter of Fact, the Remembrance only of which doth really Afflict me, because it proved the Ruin of some I was acquainted with. I took a Lodging in the House of a very Honest Widow, who was plentifully provided for, her Husband having left her a very good Estate, and having no Children, she took two of her Sisters to live with her, and entertain'd them very Charitably.

The Father Jesuits, who are far better acquainted with how many Widows there are in *Rome*, than how many Chapters there be in the *Bible*, had not forgot to set this good Woman on their List, neither were they wanting in their
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Diligence and Application to Court her, in hopes to get her Estate. Her Confessor, who probably wanted to have her in the other World, order'd her, during the Coldest Weather, to go somewhere out of Town Bare-Foot, which she refus'd not to perform; but return'd very Sick, and the Physicians soon Despaired of her Recovery; whereupon she made her last Will, whereby she left her Estate to her Sisters, except only two Hundred Ducats, which she assign'd for Masses to be said for her after her Decease.

The Father Jesuits had soon Notice of this, and, without delay, presented themselves to the Bed of their Dying Votary, and told her, *'Twas the greatest Folly imaginable to bestow ones Goods upon Relations, who commonly were Unthankful; that her chiefest Care ought to be to secure her own Rest and Happiness in the other World, which she might be sure her Sisters would never be at a Farthing Charge to procure, by purchasing such Prayers as were necessary for that End. Yea, so far were they from it, that they had discovered that her Sisters bore a Secret and Mortal Hatred against her, and that consequently, they would be glad to leave her to swelter a good while in Purgatory.*

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Last of all they told her, *That her Sisters were too far engaged in a Worldly Spirit, and would probably make a very ill Use of the Estate she should leave them; and that to leave them any Money, would be no better than to trust a Knife in the Hands of a Child or Fool, who might Hurt themselves therewith. And by this Means, say they, you will give an Occasion to your Sisters of Offending God, by those Sins the Estate would lead them into. That her Sisters could Work, and so might Honestly gain their Livelibood with the Labour of their Hands, and would at the same time secure them from Idleness, the Mother of all Vices.*

All these Reasons being uttered, prevailed with this poor Widow, whom a violent Fever, and the Pangs of approaching Death, made yet more apprehensive of the Pains of Purpatory; so that, without any more ado, she revok'd her Testament, and made but one Article of it, disposing all she had to the House of the Father Jesuits of Rome, that they might cause Prayers and Masses to be said for her. Thus she Died in the midst of four Jesuits, and scarcely had they shut her Eyes, but they turn'd her Sisters out of Doors, and possess'd themselves of all she had.

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These poor Gentlewomen, with many Tears, desired only they would be pleased to give them some of their Sisters Cloaths, but the Jesuits utterly refused it, saying, *That they could not dispose of the least thing that belonged to their Sister, for all that was to be turned into Money to pray to God for her Soul, who was now actually Burning in the Flames of Purgatory, so that they could not, in Conscience, deprive her of the least Refreshment, or Comfort she had so wisely provided for herself.*

Thus these poor Afflicted Young Women were forc'd to leave the House in a most Desolate Condition; and I learned since, that one of them Died in an Hospital, and the other had suffered herself to be Debauch'd, and at present led a most Lewd and Scandalous Life. I'll spend no more time in shewing the Deformity of the Fact, since the Recital alone sufficiently evinceth it.

They have another pretty Whim of *Masses*, that the Souls in *Purgatory* are not only succour'd and reliev'd by them, but that they become Helps and Assistants to others, (if we will believe them) even Persons on Earth, in all their Concerns.

If any one have a Suit of Law, or is engaged in some troublesome Business; or if a Man be desirous to obtain a Place, Command, or Dignity, the surest way, (say they) in these Cases, is to have recourse to their Suffering Souls, and to get a Number of *Masses* said for them: for then, by way of Gratitude, they Influence the Spirit of the Judges, and procure the Favour of Great Men.

If a Man be to go a Journey, there is nothing more common here, than to send him away with this good Prayer or Wish, *Go, and may the Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony of Padua, and the Souls of Purgatory, accompany you every where, and deliver you from all Dangers.* This is so common, that the Boys that go to School are Taught, that if they would rise at the appointed Hour in the Morning, they must recommend themselves to the Souls in *Purgatory* over Night, before they go to Sleep: Now the thing that I wonder at is, how these poor Souls who cannot help themselves, should be in a Condition to help others?

It is to be observed, that in *Rome* (and indeed all over *Italy*) there is a *Confraternity* for the Souls of *Purgatory*, besides their *Masses*, which
never

never fails them; they have a sort of People who carry Boxes thro' the Streets from House to House, begging of all those they meet, with a great deal of Earnestness (like *Moor-Fields* Mumpers) some Money for the Souls in Purgatory; which Money the Priests share afterwards among themselves.

Here, because they would have a constant fix'd Income, they Let to Farm this *Purgatory-Money* to some *Layman* or other, who maintain for this end a vast Number of Box-Carriers, who are Cloathed in White, and wear upon their short White Cloaks the Arms of the *Confraternity* to distinguish them; their Allowance is about *Eighteen-Pence per Diem*. Sometimes these Fellows are so Impertinent, that they'll follow a Man the length of two or three Streets without quitting him, to force him, by their Importunities, to give them something. Neither is it without danger to give them any Rude or Churlish Answer; for in that case, they have the Malice to tell you to your Face, *That they see well enough you have no Charity for the Souls in Purgatory*; And should you continue to Revile them, it might probably get you recommended to the *Inquisition*, to Learn more Manners.

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The Farmer of these Souls in Purgatory have Keys of all these Boxes, and they are bound once or twice a Week to bring them to him; when they bring them well Lin'd, he gives them somewhat over and above their ordinary Pay; they take care to place some of their Boxes in all *Inns, Ordinaries, Taverns, Victualling-Houses*, and other publick Places.

Those who have Travel'd *Flanders, France, Germany, or Italy*, know that the Host doth commonly, at the End of every Meal, bring in his Box for the Souls in Purgatory, and desire his Guest to put in their Charity.

At the time of Harvest, these Emissaries are sent into the Fields with great Waggon, and beg some Portion of what is Gathered, in *Corn, Wine, Wood, Rice, Hemp*, even to the very *Eggs and Hens*, which done, they either spend what they have got themselves, or turn it into Money.

Now the poor Country People being extremely Simple and Ignorant, and the Persons employed to receive their Charity being very Cunning and Crafty, make them believe what they please themselves, and so Abuse them
mightily

mightily. I over-heard once a poor Country Woman, who gave some Hemp to some of these crafty Collectors, saying, *She was very sorry she could not give them enough to make a great Shift of.* But one of the Quest-Men told her, *That they would take care to make a little Shift of it, for some small Soul in Purgatory.* They turn'd their Heads and laugh'd at the Simplicity of this poor Women; but not one of them had the Goodness to Inform her better. And, in a Word, the more Idiots the People are, the more easie 'tis for the Priests to Chouse them, and to pick their Pockets.

I shall pass from this *Grand Cheat* to some other *Fopperies* I observ'd here. The first at *Christmas*, when the Ceremony of Rocking the Cradle of the Child *Jesus* is put in practice. Their Way is this, They made on the Altar of *St. Paul's Church*, a Representation of the Stable at *Bethlehem*, with great Figures, Representing the Blessed Virgin, *St. Joseph*, and the Child *Jesus* lying in his Manges. The *Italians* are most Ingenious in making these kind of Representations, they being their Pastimes all the *Christmas* Holy-Days; and the Women have leave at that time to go from Church

Church to Church, to see these Pageants, and under pretence of frequenting these Devotions, many Bargains are firuck.

It cannot be deny'd; but that there is something in these Representations that does extreemly take the Eye. You have a Pleasant Prospekt here of Rocks, Fountains, Forrests, and Delightful Green Plains, express'd to the Life, and Shepherds feeding their Flocks upon them: You see People from all Parts coming from Lanes and Paths to Offer their Presents to the Child *Jesus*; all this is very Naturally Represented, and there is always some Merry Conceit or other joyn'd with them to make People Laugh; and I think all their Foppish Pageantry, and Whimsical Raree-shows, are fit for nothing else but to be Laugh'd at.

But the Principal Point that I aim at in this Description, is, That there are many great Ribbons, Richly Woven, ty'd to the Cradle of the Child *Jesus*, which the Spectators, that are there present, (upon their Knees) do pull towards them very Devoutly, to Rock the Cradle, in like manner as we see the Nurfes do Children; and then Sing, what, in *Italian* they call their *Na, Na*, which are commonly their Songs to Rock Children Asleep, *Sleep my little*

the *Jesus*, Sleep my dear Love, Sleep ; Na,
Na, Na, Na.

But that as was most Comical, was to see sometimes Old Men and Women rise up from their Knees in great Anger, when they heard much Noise made in the Church, and bidding them be Hush'd, for that else they would Awake the Child *Jesus*; which notwithstanding, is no more than a piece of Wood or Past-Board Painted over. Nay, there be some so fearful of Offending this way, that they pull off their Shoes as soon as they enter the Church, for fear of Troubling the Childs Rest, whilst (in the mean time) their *Monks* and *Priests*, standing behind their *Sextries*, Laugh at these their Follies.

I can say that I never saw any of them lay hold of the Ribbands to Rock the Cradle, for they would be fore asham'd to find themselves so Sottishly Employed. Neither is this Childs Play altogether without Profit to them; for there be many of the Visitants, who bring some of them fresh Eggs, and others Pullets and Capons, to make Caudles and Broths for the *Virgin*; all which they lay in the Stable near to the Image; others bring Cheefes, and great Bottles

tles of Wine, which they lay near to the Image of St. *Joseph*; and others cast large pieces of Money into a Bason, which the *Friests* held out to them, and which (as they tell them) is to be laid out to buy *Necessaries* for the Child *Jesus*.

It was a Diversion to me to see among the Presents they made to the Manger, a poor Fellow bring in, with much Simplicity and Devotion, a great Truss of Hay, and laid it down in the *Holy-Stable*, between the Ox and the *Ass*s; but the Jesuits perceiving it, said to one another, *Fie, fie, this must be taken away immediately, it will prove a very bad President; at this rate they'll bring nothing but Grass and Hay for the Beasts. No, this must not be; they had much better bring Gammon of Bacon, and Neats Tongues for St. Joseph.*

The Sexton accordingly ran to take it away, but the Countryman oppos'd him, saying, *That he could not endure to see the Ox and the Ass Die for Hunger, whilst the rest were so well Provided for. But they endeavour'd to appease him, by telling him, That the Child Jesus would take care to Sustain them by his Divine Vertue, rather than that should happen.* Thus

Thus the Avaritious Clergy of the *Romish* Church, thro' a mercenary and base Interest, most outrageously Gull the *Poor*, and keep them in Ignorance, giving it the Name of *Simplicity* and *Innocence*. 'Tis before these Mangers that they make little Children Preach publicly, from *Christmas* to *Twelftide*. They take them about six or seven Years of Age, and they make them get by Heart some short Sermons upon the Birth of our *Saviour*, which may last about a quarter of an Hour: These little Children observe all the Ceremonies of Preachers; they begin with their *Ave Maria*, then proceed to a short *Introduction*, and afterwards to a *Division*. As soon as they have made an end of their first part, they make a Gathering, and all the Auditor's give something. This done, they Preach for the Souls in *Purgatory*. No sooner has one made an end of his Sermon, but another takes his place, and begins. The Money they get serves them afterwards to make a Collation; and thus it is they Educate and Accustom these young Lyons betimes to their Prey, to the end (when they are grown up to be great Preachers) they may be expert at Devouring the Alms which are design'd for the *Poor* only; which makes me now fall upon their Abuse of *Preaching*, and how they Corrupt the Word of God.

And here 'tis Observable, That the *Secular Priests* never Preach, but recommend that Care to *Monks*, who so absolutely possess themselves of this Ministry, that they will not suffer a *Secular Priest* to Preach in his own Church; and if any of them should pretend to it, they would either Supplant, or Disgrace him; and, indeed, on the other hand, the *Curates* being generally lovers of Ease and Idleness, make no great Endeavours to gain their Right; so that there is seldom any Quarrel, on this Occasion, between them.

I heard two or three Sermons, by several Fathers, of different Orders, during my stay at *Rome*; the first was a *Dominican*, who, after he had very Dexterously play'd the Buffoon on one Text of the Bible, pass'd on to another, which he Handled in such a Comical Manner, as made all the Hearers burst out into a loud Laughter. And after all, fell upon the Devotion common to their Order, which is their *Rosary*, for they bring this in by the Head and Shoulders upon all Occasions, let their Subjects be what they please.

The next was a *Capuchin*, he had another way of Preaching; their Style is *Stoical*, thundering

dering out their Orations with great severity towards Sinners. They commonly make choice of very terrible Subjects, as *Death, Judgment, Purgatory, and Hell.*

He filled the Air with grievous Exclamations, thumping the Pulpit with his Hands and Feet; and laying hold on his great Beard, as terrified all Men, yea, and the Dogs to, who would Bark at him as he past by, as they do in *England* at a Mumper.

His Subject was *Predestination*, which he judg'd on by the Liberality of his Auditors: He stop'd twice in his Sermon till the Purse went about for Money, sitting down in his Pulpit, and staring with his great Eyes that way they carried the purse, and having perceived the first Rank very Liberal, *This is well*, said he, *I find there is one Rank already of my Auditors that are Predestinate.* And the second and third having follow'd their Example, *In good Earnest*, said he, *I believe the whole Auditory will prove to be of the Number of the Elect; this is an extraordinary Comfort to me, because 'tis a Sign that Sinners are Converted.*

By this Means the Father procured a very Liberal Collection for himself. I Observed all this while, he put many of his Auditors into great Trouble and Confusion, especially some Women, who had no Money about them, they Blush'd exceedingly; and, to avoid the Confusion of being counted Reprobates, they reach'd their Hands to the Purse, as if they had put in something.

The *Monk*, Ravished to see so many Elect in his Congregation, very Joyfully fell to the second part of his Discourse; and being put into an-extream good Humour by their Liberality, he play'd the Fool to Admiration. After he had told them many little pleasant Stories, out of *Virgil*, *Terence*, and *Ovid's Art of Love*, he began his second part for the Souls in Purgatory: He represented to them, *That it was not enough to have shewed their Charity to the Living, but that it was Necessary, for the compleating the Evidence of their Election, to extend it also to those that are Dead; that is, to the Members of the Suffering Church, for that is the Title they give to Purgatory*

The Money goes to the *Priests, or Monks,*

to whom the Church belongs where the Sermon is Preached, who are very careful to tell their Audience, *That if their Charity did not extend it self to those wretched Souls, destitute of all Help and Assistance, God would be Pitiless and Cruel enough to let them suffer a vast Number of Years: Yea, even to the Day of Judgment, without shewing any Mercy to them.* Which he repeated over and over again, the Collectors as often going about, in so much that a Countryman (whose Name I shall omit) having given all he had, cry'd out to him aloud, *Father, I would advise you to shut up your Purgatory at present, for if you let one Soul more out, 'twill be in danger of returning from whence it came without any thing; for my part, I tell you plainly, I have no Money.*

The other Sermon I heard was at a *Nunnery*; Now those that Preach there are *Finical Fellows*, of a sweet Countenance, and commonly all of them Handsome Young *Monks*, or else the *Nuns*, who make the Choice, will have none of them. All the Study of these Men is, to find out pretty Words, and the most tender affectionate Expressions, and frequently to enlarge themselves in the praise of the *Nuns*

This Young *Monk* scarce could speak three Words together without some Expressions of the high Value and Love he had for them, as *My most Dear and Lovely Sisters, whom I Love from the bottom of my Heart*, was the constant Appendix to every Sentence; so that having sum'd up his Sermon, I found that the Upshot (in a manner) of all was, *That he Lov'd them the most Tenderly and Affectionately that could be*; and well he might, for when once a *Monk* has the good Luck to be Liked by the *Nuns*, he may promise himself ever after, to spend his Days in Voluptuous Delicacy and Tenderneſs: For they allow them large Pensions, provide them with Linnen, and furnish them with Sweetmeats, and send them every Day a Dish of what they judge most pleasing to them, which they call *The Preachers Dish*; so that, indeed, they take the best Method imaginable to Establish their Interest among the *Nuns*, and procure the Favour of their *Female Congregations*, declaring in their Pulpits, the extraordinary Love they have for such Tender Nurses.

This way of Praising others from the Pulpit, puts me in mind of another Custom the *Monks* have introduc'd to Praise one another
Pub-

Publickly, on certain Days of the Year, which is commonly the Feast of their Blessed Founders. Thus, for Example, on the Feast of St. *Ignatius de Loyola*, Founder of the Order of *Jesuits*, they make the Panegyrick of that Saint in all their Churches, and after having enlarg'd themselves in the Praise of their Patriarchs, they proceed to that of his Children and Disciples, that is, all those that follow his Rule, and more particularly of the Fathers of that Convent where the Sermon is Preach'd. But, as it is a Bass thing to Praise ones self, they employ a Religious Father of some other Order, for it's a thing but too Notorious, That the *Monks* mortally hate one another: However, the desire of being Praised themselves in their turns, prevailing beyond their hatred, makes them to undertake these Panegyricall Flatteries.

But I cannot forget a *Cordelier*, who had more Honesty than Dissimulation, how he Praised the *Jesuits* one day very Pleasantly, attributing Elogies to them, Diametrically opposite to their known Qualities. Do you see, said he, the Reverend Fathers, the *Jesuits* of this House, they are the best Men that Live on the Earth. They are as Modest as An-

gels. They never open their Eyes to cast a Look upon the Ladies at Church. They are such great Lovers of Restraint, that you never see them in the Streets. They are so in Love with Poverty, that they Despise and Trample upon all the Riches in the World. They never come near Dying Persons or Widows, to importune them to be Remember'd in their last Wills. They never concern themselves in making up of Marriages. They never go among Courts, or mind State Affairs. And in this manner he ran over every particular of their Behaviour and Conduct.

All that were in the Church Laugh'd at this pretty way of Commending them, the *Cordelier* had lighted on, but the *Jesuits* were galled. The *Cordelier* ending his Sermon, instead of going to the *Jesuits Convent* to be Entertain'd, went directly away to avoid their Revenge. This is the Substance of what I could Observe concerning the Preachers of *Rome*.

The next thing I shall Represent unto you, is their Miracles, and how they graft in their Children a Belief of those Monstrous Lies, which, by several Managements, they are made

made to imbibe in their Minority; and thus it is,

I shall take occasion here to acquaint you in what manner Miracles are still wrought every Day in Rome, and what they are. I have observ'd the chiefest cause of them: The first is, *The Covetousness of the Clergy*. The second is, *The Cunning of some Beggars*. And the third, is *Popular Error*, joyn'd with the Custom of the *Priests*, of sending Pictures to the Churches, Representing the Danger that any have escaped.

As for the first of these, which is the Avarice of the *Priests* and *Religious*, there can be no better Invention to satisfy the same, (next to *Purgatory*) than this of Publishing, from time to time, some new Miracles they Pretend to have been wrought in their Churches.

The most common way they make use of is this, When they go to visit the Sick they carry along with them either Wine or Water, or some Rag of Linnen, which they Bless in the Name of some He or She Saint. If the Sick Person, who has made use of any of these, chance to Recover, then the *Priests* are sure

to attribute the Recovery of their Health to the Saint of their Church; and demand an Attestation of it from him who was Sick; they make a great Noise of it through the City; and the next Sunday they Publickly Proclaim the Miracle from the Pulpit.

In like manner, if any Person be ready to undertake a Journey or Voyage, they go to him, and perswade him to make a Vow to some Saint, and if it afterwards happens that this Person meets with some bad Accident, as a dangerous Storm at Sea, a fall from his Horse, or the over-turning of his Coach, and that he escapes with his Life and Health, as it often happens to the worst of Men; in this case he never fails ascribing it to the He or She Saint of such a Church; immediately, upon his return, he acquaints the *Monks* and *Priests*, who begin a new to toss it about, crying, *A Miracle! A Miracle!*

Others, who are adorned with a larger Conscience, and who believe it is lawful for them to Lye, to enhance the Honour of their Saints, take the Boldness to suppose and invent Miracles, and produce themselves for Examples, that they have had Revelations, or that the Saints themselves

themselves have Appeared to them, or have Healed them of their Infirmities; the People, who love to be gull'd, ne'er search any further, but relie upon their Word.

Another fetch of the *Priests* is something new, and it is this, They are used to entertain Children with an infinite number of false Tales and Stories, invented at random, concerning Apparitions that never were; and so, when they are Catechiz'd, they tell them some Pleasant Story of them before they send them Home, which they listen to attentively, and tell it their Mothers.

Thus, in a Chappel Dedicated to *St. Martin*, where the *Priest* told his young Scholars, They Ordinarily Paint this Saint on Horseback, and with his Sword cutting off half of his Cloak, to give it for an Alms to a *Beggar*. 'Twas in this posture his Statue, which was of pure white Marble, Represented him on the Altar of that Chappel. When the Cathechizing was over, the *Priest* began to tell these Children a very Pleasant Story, concerning this Statue; saying, That a good Curate of that Parish had often seen him very fairly come down from the Altar, and running a full Gallop out of the

the Church; that one Day having taken the Liberty to ask him, Whither he was going? St. Martin told him, That he was hast'ning to the Assistance of a very Honest Man, who had procur'd many Masses to be said at his Altar, and being at present fallen into the Hands of Robbers, in the midst of a Wood, was in great danger of his Life; but that he hoped to come timely enough for his Relief; and that at his Return he would give him an Account of the Success of the Enterprize.

The Catechizer flourish'd his Discourse with Circumstances so Extravagant and Ridiculous, that 'tis impossible for any but a parcel of Stupified Bigots to forbear Laughing at so preposterous a Romance. He gave a particular Description of *St. Martin's* whole Journey upon his Horse of Marble, how he rid a full Gallop over Trees, Rivers, Cities and All: But the Cream of the Jest was, *That every one that bore a great Devotion to that Chapel, and procured Masses to be said their in Honour of St. Martin, might assure themselves never to be Rob'd on the High-ways.* Are not these Children well Taught, think you? They are called to that which should be the School of Truth, where the Priests, instead of that, Teach them nothing but Lies. From

From the first Cause of Miracles, I proceed to the Second, which is the *Slight and Cunning of certain Beggars*; there be many of this sort, who, void of Conscience, are ready to undertake any thing. Some that have the *Patience*, as well as *Confidence*, to counterfeit themselves Cripples, Blind, or struck with the Palsie for five or six Years together, to make the World at last believe, that a Miracle hath been wrought upon them, attributing their Recovery to some Image of the Saint. The Profit which occurs to them by this, is the Peoples Liberality, supposing them to be Friends of God, having received such great Mercies from him. The *Priests* and *Monks* also afford them a good Allowance. I have been shewn many of these Beggars in *Convents* and *Monasteries*, who are kept there at Ease, as Testimonies of the *Power* and *Goodness* of their Saints, and *Vertues* of their Images.

The Third Cause from whence Miracles Issue in *Italy*, is a popular Error, which is crept in amongst them, and at present hath taken such deep Root, that 'tis in a manner impossible to pluck it up, which is this, Upon the least Accident that happens, they make a Vow to some Statue, or Image of the Virgin, or some Saints,

to

to be Delivered from it, and if they Escape, by an ignorant and strange Superstition, instead of attributing the Glory thereof to God, they attribute it to the Statues, or Images to whom they have made their Vow.

And, to make their Acknowledgement the more acceptable, they cause a Picture to be Drawn, wherein is set forth what happened to them in the Act of imploring Aid of the Statue, or Image. These Vowed Pictures we generally find in all the Churches of Rome, there are some of them of all sorts; some of them representing Persons pursued by Murderers; others that have been Wounded; and others Beaten at Sea by furious Tempests; others, Coaches full of Gentlemen and Ladies over-thrown, and they tumbling over one another, shewing their Buttocks: Young Women attempted to be Ravished by their Lovers; and Women in Child-Bed, represented in their Beds, in a very wanton and indecent Manner.

It would be a troublesome, and almost impossible Task, to relate unto you the Numbers of *Cripples, Sick, Blind, and Lane*, that daily were in the Streets, and in the Chappels of
such

such and such a Saint, He or She, that would leave their Crutches and Staves at each Place, going In afflicted, pretendedly, with some Disease, and coming Out as well, in a Quarter of an Hour, as ever they were in their Lives.

Such *Impostures*, *Fopperies*, and *Processions*, of which already I have given you an Account, where chiefly what I could Observe in Rome, at the *Jubilee*. There were also a great Concourse of People Revelling Daily; *Drinking*, *Buggery*, *Whoring*, *Swearing*, *Gaming*, and all sorts of *Debaucheries* and *Prophaness* being as Practicable amongst them, from the *Priest* to the seeming *Penitent*, as ever were committed in *Bartholomew-Fair*, by that wicked Rendezvous of *London Libertines*. However it brings Grist to the Popes Mill, and so makes an Attonement for the *Sins of the People*, which, indeed, are so very Obvious and Abominable, that a whole Centry's Repentance, in the Opinion of a good Christian, would be scarce sufficient to pacifie Heaven for such unparallel'd Wickedness transacted in Rome but in one Week, after the Opening of the *Jubilee*.

Every thing was extraordinary Dear, and so
my

my Money drawing to a Conclusion, I be-
 thought my self 'twas time to take my Leave
 of this *Wicked Comedy*, lest I should be forc'd
 to take up in those Hospitals I have told you
 are so Inviting; and therefore went away to
Leghorn, where, being Arrived in Eight Days,
 I waited Eight more for a Ship, which offer-
 ing at last, I Embarked for *England*, and
 return'd very safe to my own Country, with
 as much Joy as the *Prodigal Son* did to the
 House of his Father.

I shall Conclude with the following Lines,
 written by the late Honourable and Witty
 Earl of *Rocheſter*,

On Rome's Pardons.

I.

IF Rome can Pardon Sins, as *Papists* hold,
 And if those Pardons can be bought and sold,
 It were no Sin t' adore and worship Gold.

II.

If they can purchase Pardons with a Sum,
 For Sins they may commit in Time to come,
 And for Sins past, 'tis very well for Rome.

III.

III.

At this Rate, they are happiest that have most,
They'll purchase Heav'n at their own proper Cost;
Alas, the Poor! all that are so, are lost.

IV.

Whence came this Knack? or when did it begin?
What Author have they? or who brought it in?
Did *Christ* e'er keep a *Custom-House* for Sin?

V.

Some subtil Devil, without more ado,
Did certainly this sly Invention brew,
To gull them of their Souls and Money too.

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